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More Business in Government

At last the nation begins to see what reorganization of the executive departments really means. Having prevailed against stubborn business resistance, the government is now permitted to introduce sound business practice. Under the new law, the President's first executive orders, which automatically will go into effect unless Congress votes against them within sixty days, simplify the administrative tasks with which Congress has entrusted him. Certain agencies which directly concern the duties of the Chief Executive are attached to his office. Among these the most important are the National Resources Committee—which is a planning body in embryo and is to be called the National Resources Planning Board—and the Budget Bureau. The agencies having to do with social security are to be grouped together in a single administration, including not only those now under the Social Security Board but the Employment Service, the Health Service, Education and the Youth Administration. Another grouping embraces the construction projects—the WPA, Public Buildings, formerly under the Treasury, the PWA and the Housing Authority, formerly under Interior, and Roads, formerly under Agriculture. Still a third new body is to cover the governmental credit agencies except those dealing with Agriculture—the RFC, the HOLC, Export-Import Bank, etc.

The chief gain from this introduction of order is not economy in the sense of saving money, but economy in the sense of getting better service for what we spend. Now it will be possible to have a coördinated policy of employment, relief and security, a policy of construction, a policy of public lending. It will be possible to drive these policies in harness by presidential planning and budgeting.

Whistling in the Dark

The President's request for an appropriation of $1,477,000,000 for the WPA in the next fiscal year assumes not only that the need for relief will not increase, but that it will be reduced by one-third. That would be nice, but we wish we knew why he expects it will happen. The curve of business and employment, when seasonal factors are eliminated, has been declining ever since January. Has the President grounds for thinking that the disturbance arising from the international situation will be ended? Hardly. Does he expect a boom consequent upon the outbreak of war and our entrance into it? We hope not. Is there good reason for believing that a spontaneous business revival is at hand? If so, the administration ought to share with us its forecast. In default of any of these influences, has the President a well rounded plan for promoting a great increase in employment? We have yet to hear of it.

To Stop the Japanese

Opponents of the Neutrality Act usually assert that its application would aid aggressors. It is easy to demonstrate that this is untrue in reference to the European war that now is threatening; under the act, Great

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Britain and France would derive benefits unavailable to Germany and Italy. But in reference to the Sino-Japanese war the objection has some force. Whether application of the act in the Far East would hamper China or Japan more is a matter of opinion; we believe that Japan would suffer by it. It is probably on account of this uncertainty that Senator Pittman has introduced his new proposal giving the President power to embargo shipments of everything except agricultural products to nations which have violated the Nine-Power Pacific Pact.

There are, however, other possible measures requiring no abandonment of neutrality that could check Japan's aggression in a most effective way. First, a general embargo on exports of scrap steel would deprive her of her principal source of an essential material for munitions manufacture. Germany and Italy have also imported considerable amounts of scrap. Such an embargo would not seriously embarrass any other nation. It would, moreover, conserve our own supply and help keep steel prices down. Second, the President by executive order could increase tariff duties against Japan as he has against Germany; Japan is guilty of the same discriminatory trade practices. Third, the President could request manufacturers of high-test aviation gasoline—which Japan is not equipped to manufacture and buys from us—to cease selling it to nations guilty of bombing atrocities. He has already made such a request of plane manufacturers, and it has been effective.

Spanish Fairy Story

The Saturday Evening Post has been printing a series of articles by General Krivitsky, on the subject of Russian politics and the Spanish civil war. There is some truth in them; there are also some fantastic fabrications, and a whole volume would be needed to disentangle one from the other. But a few of the statements are so wild that no well informed person can let them pass without saying the simple words of refutation. The first article asserts that volunteers to the International Brigades were interviewed by OGPU agents; that is just not true, as any veteran of the Brigades can tell you. We know that one boy who did the very routine questioning of volunteers in New York City later turned up as a soldier in Spain, with the high rank of corporal.

More fundamental to the whole story of the war as these articles tell it—"Stalin's Hand in Spain" is the title of the first one—is the account of the May, 1937, revolt in Barcelona. That, says Krivitsky, was organized by the OGPU to allow the Communists to suppress all other parties and the trade unions in Catalonia. Leaving aside the facts that neither the trade unions nor the other parties in Catalonia were ever suppressed (except for the POUM after it publicly accepted responsibility for the revolt), and that there is no paper awards, the formula is definitely bad; it encour-

which would have been directly contrary to their Popular Front policy, we wonder why it was that the POUM and some of the Anarchists played into the hands of the OGPU. Their leaflets, newspapers and magazines had for a long time covertly—and in the case of the POUM, sometimes openly—demanded revolt "Turn the guns the other way!" And of course it is untrue that the International Brigades took any part in putting down the Barcelona uprising; they were not even in Catalonia at that time. Whoever wrote the articles has spent a lot of time thinking up ideas, but his tales don't fit the widely known facts of the matter. Was General Krivitsky ever in Spain? Was he ever a Russian general?

How to Win a Pulitzer Prize

Do you want to write the Pulitzer Prize novel for 1940? We can't teach you how to do it in ten easy lessons, but we can give you some useful hints. Set your story among the backwoodsmen of Georgia, Oregon or Florida, at a date no later than 1900. Describe their struggles with nature, but don't say anything about their more desperate struggles with the lumber barons and the fur monopoly. Inject a little poetry and a lot of quaintness. Keep away from economics.

Do you want to write a Pulitzer Prize biography? That's harder, because you have to page through a lot of dusty documents. But if you're determined to go ahead, choose a great and good American and write about him in a fashion that makes him seem greater and better. Remember that the prize will be given for your scholarship and not for your ideas—in fact, it's a good deal safer not to have them. Keep away from economics.

Do you want to win a Pulitzer Prize for reporting? Then write a headlined series muckraking the New Deal. If you muckrake the other side, your series will be rejected by the Pulitzer jury as not being balanced and impartial. Keep away from economics.

Do you want to write the Pulitzer Prize editorial? Just pour off a thousand words from the top of your head, all about the wonderful country we live in and how it has to be defended from foreign isms. Have it reprinted as a leaflet by patriotic societies (and of course keep away from economics).

No, we don't mean to say that all the Pulitzer prizes this year went to the wrong people. As a matter of fact, the literary choices were well above the average—especially "Abe Lincoln in Illinois" and "Benjamin Franklin," which is a really monumental biography. It was heart-warming to hear that John Gould Fletcher was getting some recognition for his poems, after all these years. But we did mean to say that there is now a recognized Pulitzer formula—and no recognition for good books that don't conform to it. In the case of the news-

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thinking that explains why the American press has been declining in reader interest—and circulation.

Red Paint for the Arts Projects

We have even more objections to the methods of the current congressional investigation of WPA than has Heywood Broun, who discusses the subject in this issue. He points out that the investigators' aim seems to be to drum up union-busting propaganda, but it's worse than that. Mr. H. Ralph Burton asked that one of the projects distribute his questionnaire after he had added a specific inquiry concerning membership in the Communist Party or the Workers' Alliance. On consulting Washington, the project informed him it was illegal for WPA to make such inquiries about its workers according to the act under which it functions. We wonder if it is legal for Mr. Burton to put members of the project under oath and question them regarding their political views and affiliations. A threat to deprive any person of WPA benefits by political discrimination or for membership in a labor organization is a misdemeanor, under the Emergency Relief Appropriation Act of 1938. The subcommittee declares that it is only getting factual information, but, as any trade unionist knows, blacklists are made up of just such facts.

Now the subcommittee itself has begun hearings in Washington on Mr. Burton's investigation, and with former Dies witnesses. There is, of course, no reason why an impartial inquiry into WPA shouldn't be held. Every organization can stand some improving, and the arts projects in particular might profit from a fair investigation. Their record of achievement is enviable. But it is clear from the actions of their investigator that the subcommittee is interested not in a study of WPA problems but in smearing it as red, wasteful and inefficient.We suggest Martin Dies get after these Congressmen. They're unfair and un-American enough, and it looks as if they were trying to muscle in on his racket.

Mama Lewis, Step-Papa Green

John L. Lewis says that the amendments to the National Labor Relations Act recommended by the AFL (specifically by William Green and his associates) have been prepared with "the aid, advice and counsel of representatives of the National Association of Manufacturers and of several of the most reactionary and anti-labor corporations of the country." Before Mr. Green's appearance as a witness at the Senate Committee on Education and Labor, he denied everything. On the stand he was not asked nor did he volunteer anything on the subject directly. But he did speak at some length about the NLRB.

It was his usual line and factually without basis. Mr. Green is "sadly disillusioned" by the Board's administration of the Wagner Act. Its rulings are "unjudicial" and "biased" in favor of the CIO. Along Henderson hurricane, after descending on Washing-

points for months. But the evidence and the experts (The Columbia Law Review and The Harvard Law Review included) have blown his theories to bits.

In the questioning that followed, Green said some peculiar things for a man of his age and experience. Employers, he thinks, can exercise very little influence over employees in independent, free democratic unions. "This whole thing of foremen influencing a union is not in accord with the facts. . . . Usually when the employer tries to influence an employee, he will vote against this advice. It is a far-fetched thing to say that a man will be influenced by some remark once he gets into the privacy of the polling booth." We have no way of checking John Lewis' charges against Mr. Green and the AFL, and we don't believe that Mr. Green ought to be judged too severely by his nonsensical testimony. A man could get nervous and blurt out almost anything, or even forget his own name. But if William Green wants to refute the idea he's lunching with the NAM, he ought to stop talking like George Sokolsky.

What Henderson Has Done

No micrometer has yet been made fine enough to measure political influence. Yet it is arguable that Mr. Leon Henderson, who is to follow Mr. Justice Douglas on the Securities and Exchange Commission, has put his mark on the present administration more firmly than anyone save Mr. Roosevelt. He was one of the first and sternest evangelists of the consumer-purchasing-power theory, today the New Deal's avowed economic philosophy. As WPA economist in the uneasy summer of 1937, he watched relief expenditures and national well-being shrink together, and day and night shouted against the heathen until the Keynesian truth prevailed. He was among the foremost in urging an attack on business monopoly, a problem that other New Dealers fumbled badly in Mr. Roosevelt's first term. A memorandum of his, taken to the White House by Mr. Harry Hopkins, brought about Mr. Roosevelt's denunciation of manipulated prices in the metals industry in May, 1937, the real start of the administration's current anti-monopoly offensive. It was Mr. Henderson's tough-spirited talk across a Washington dinner table, one night last spring, that is supposed to have persuaded the head of the U. S. Steel Corporation, Mr. Stettinius, to abandon the basing-point system, the most important single victory over big business since the Sherman act. As is generally known, the present TNEC, or monopoly investigation, is chiefly due to his tireless lobbying within the administration. Shortish, dark, with immense shoulders and chest, a baffling mixture of personal humility and moral arrogance, his impact on Washington has been not unlike that of last year's hurricane on New England, except that the

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Money Makes a Free Press

A real fight for the freedom of the press is going on down at the offices of The New Masses, the only national Communist weekly. The enemy isn't obvious, like the Nazis who take axes to typewriters and murder editors or drag them off to concentration camps; there are more ways than one to kill a cat or a magazine. The easiest way is to let it starve to death, and well-to-do America is letting The New Masses starve, by not advertising in it, not buying it and not mentioning it. Though it represents as many people as, say, The American Mercury, they are for the most part poor people, and that is why their magazine is fighting for its life. Freedom of the press in America exists for those who have money to pay for it.

The New Masses is not only an outlet for official Communist writers. An excellent and unlike contributors as Dorothy Parker, Ernest Hemingway, Vincent Sheean, Sir Stafford Cripps and Alvarez del Vayo have made it a forum for some of the best progressive thinking and writing being published in America. Though we have often criticized its views and have been severely attacked in its columns, we believe The New Masses is a valuable force for progress. Readers who agree with us can help defend the freedom of Americans to say what they think by sending money to The New Masses, 461 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

News Notes of a Week

Poland's government decided to ask Parliament to give President Moscicki emergency powers until November 1, because of the Danzig situation. The powers, somewhat like Premier Daladier's in France, will give him control of all economic, financial and defense matters. . . . Mr. Chamberlain's decision to break Britain's long precedent by introducing conscription struck a familiar snag, the Irish question. It was removed by exempting citizens of Eire and other dominions who, though living in Britain, belong to a force raised by the government of their dominion. Conscription of all young men between twenty and twenty-one is expected to result in the training of 200,000 a year. . . . Germany's Propaganda Minister, Joseph Goebbels, attacked "democratic culture," saying among other things: "A democratic journalist is nothing more than a newspaper hack slaving for anonymous capitalist powers. . . . It was the privilege of National Socialism to uplift culture—especially the press. . . ." What Dr. Goebbels meant by "uplift" is made clear by a report from England that Dr. R. G. Rosel, London correspondent of the Essen National Zeitung, received notice from the British Home Office to leave the country because of undesirable activities.

Labor's May Day parade in New York City was tee that organized it. Other estimates ran from 20,00 to 200,000. Reports were that 1,500,000 paraded i Moscow, 70,000 in Mexico City, 20,000 in Havan and 50,000 in Santiago, Chile. . . . Two Russian mil tary aviators, Brigadier General Vladimir Kokkinak and Major Mikhail Gordienko, visited the New Yor World's Fair. Their projected Moscow-New York non stop flight had ended with a crack-up on Miscou Islan in New Brunswick, Canada, when they were force down by fog. . . . The annual Wellesley Hoop Race, t determine which girl in the senior class will be marrie first, was won by the president of The Harvard Lam poon.

Hitler Answers

IT IS A MISTAKE to regard any utterance by Hitler a an exercise in logic or an appeal to reason. His speeches are part of his campaigns; they are used fo definite strategic purposes. He and his advisers are skillful practitioners of the art of propaganda. In orde to understand what he intends it is necessary, not t analyze his apparent meaning, but to see what effect he is trying to produce and how he goes about the task o doing it.

Hitler's primary purpose is to retain in foreign policy the freedom of action which he has employed successfully in the past, and which Mr. Roosevelt was trying to check. This policy is to achieve one carefully defined objective at a time without having to fight for it, and without arousing a general united front against him. By a succession of such strokes he can gain strength for more and more victories. What is necessary for this purpose? First, enough military strength and moral resolution so that other nations will be afraid to attack Germany and so that the particular victim will see that resistance is useless. Second, the absence of any general agreement or settlement that can set bounds to the succession of minor advances. Third, reassurances to all except the particular victim chosen for the next coup and, toward this victim, a campaign of disruption and intimidation. This campaign advances by steps, with the understanding that if the first German demand is refused, the next will be stiffer. The supreme offense is to resist the Führer's will—a crime that liquidates all previous obligations.

This purpose is well exemplified in the Reichstag speech of April 28. Germany's military preparations were stressed. The idea of any general settlement or conference was brushed aside; the invitation to mutual disarmament after a settlement was twisted to appear to be an invitation for unilateral disarmament of Germany *before* a settlement. Hitler took great pains to reassure everybody who might help his next victim. He had renounced all idea of recapturing Alsace-

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the British Empire and expected nothing from it but the colonies Germany had lost at Versailles, but he did not wish to gain them by warfare. It was nonsense that he thought of attacking the United States. Even his usual menacing remarks about the Soviet Union were absent. All the surrounding nations had reported they were unafraid. But to make assurance doubly sure, Hitler was now willing to negotiate non-aggression pacts with any of them singly—provided they would grant appropriate economic concessions.

All this, however, exempted Poland and Danzig. A former non-aggression treaty with Poland was denounced, because Poland had had the temerity, first to decline a proposal for the surrender of Danzig and part of the Corridor and, second, to make an alliance with somebody else against aggression. It is obvious that Hitler now believes he can get what he wants from Poland without starting a general war, and is driving ahead to do so. Also, that he is posting a warning to all those other small nations toward whom he pretends to be friendly that they will lose the immunity that may be provided by any of his promises if they resist his demands or enter any alliances for security. Thus, in practice, he holds the door open for other piecemeal conquests. Even Britain sustains a symbolic punishment for daring to mobilize collective resistance. Hitler denounced the naval-limitation treaty—but at a time when it protected him more than Great Britain, because of the fact that the British navy yards have a greater building capacity.

The bulk of the speech was occupied, however, not by these safeguards of his traditional policy, but by attempts to obscure the issue and consolidate support at home and abroad. Germans were reminded of the injustices of Versailles, of the danger of negotiating with armed opponents when Germany was weak, of Hitler's triumphs. All their ills were attributed to the war generation of statesmen—and at the same time, somewhat illogically, to Bolshevized Jews. At the same time and by the same arguments, every effort was made to encourage the appeasers in Britain, and to drive a wedge between the American people and their President. A curious and turgid argument was made to justify the gobbling of Czecho-Slovakia, contrary to Munich guarantees. We were reassured against attack, reminded of our domestic problems, and warned away from Europe. The insulting tone adopted toward Mr. Roosevelt indicates that Hitler no longer has any hope of conciliating him personally, but is intent merely on building fires under him.

Many replies could be made to this part of the speech, but they would be wasted words. Like any highly skilled propagandist, Hitler mixes large portions of truth with his misrepresentations. It is true, of course, that the Versailles Treaty was an unjust and tragic mistake, that general conferences have proved fruitless, that there have recently been many aggressors in the world besides the Axis powers, and that American intervention in Europe has not been happy. But it is not true that all Germany's ills were due to the treaty, or that any of them arose from a Bolshevik or Jewish plot. Other nations, including our own, have suffered severely from the general breakdown of capitalism. Nor is it true that the evils of past aggression can be remedied by new aggression, or that anybody now threatens the peace of the world as do Germany, Italy and Japan. Hitler's address was an example of magnificent virtuosity, but it did not speak so loud as his acts have spoken.

Maverick Bounces Back

WHEN MAURY MAVERICK was defeated for reëlection to Congress last July his enemies felt they had cooked his political goose to an enduring brown. A conservative city, San Antonio had sent him to Congress not because he was a liberal, but in spite of his being a liberal. A great many people, however, who had voted for him because they liked him personally, had become afraid of his ideas, and wanted him out of office. Maverick himself wrote after the primary that the surprising thing was not that he had been defeated for reëlection, but that he had ever been elected in the first place.

His enemies are now much less sure that they have finally disposed of Maury Maverick. For he is a candidate for mayor of San Antonio, and he appears likely to win the election on May 9.

The San Antonio city machine, which defeated Maverick last July, goes into the campaign badly split. All winter it was under severe fire, and as soon as it was obvious that Maverick would make a strong race, the machine leaders began scurrying for cover.

When the city commissioners cast Mayor C. K. Quin aside, the mayor put himself at the head of his own complete ticket. The commissioners attempted to form a complete ticket, too, but failed, and each commissioner is now struggling to save his own job. A third mayoralty candidate is Leroy Jeffers, who as an associate of Paul J. Kilday, Maverick's successor in Congress, has some claim to the remnants of the city machine. There are some minor candidates, but the race lies among Maverick, Quin and Jeffers. Since all three are strong candidates, the election will probably be decided by a plurality.

Maverick has a better chance than either Quin or Jeffers to get that plurality. He lost in July by only 493 votes out of 49,151, and many people who were afraid of Maverick in Congress are not afraid of Maverick in the city hall. He will have strong labor support, especially from the CIO. Federal office-holders will vote for him. The sheriff and some other county officials who were against him last July have

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announced their support. Besides, he has espoused the city-manager plan, which will appeal to many conservative voters who believe in the reform of the city government.

The Mexican vote will be important. Formerly it was bought and sold by the city machine like sacks of potatoes. But in the last few years the Mexicans, of whom there are 93,000 in San Antonio, or roughly 40 percent of the population, have become politically conscious. Last July they broke away from the city machine to vote in large numbers for Maverick. They will do so again on May 9. It is true that the Mexican vote is not entirely a political asset in San Antonio, where racial feeling is so bitter that some Anglo-Americans will vote against Maverick just because the Mexicans are voting for him. Nevertheless, the likelihood that 70 percent of the Mexicans will vote for Maverick is an important reason why he has a good chance to win.

Another reason is that Maverick is making an intelligent campaign. Like LaGuardia in New York City, he is hammering away at the idea that social theories play only a small role in city government. San Antonio, wearied of machine government, seems in a mood to listen. His opponents say that if he wins he won't stop at city hall long enough to warm the mayor's chair, but will be off to Washington at the first opportunity. Maverick replies that he is running for mayor, nothing else. Even so, the San Antonio city hall will not hold him forever.

New York's New Daily

NEW YORK CITY is filled with gossip about the plans for a new afternoon daily newspaper. There *will* be such a paper—that much is quite definite. Ralph McAllister Ingersoll of Time, Inc., is the publisher, and Ed Stanley, formerly of the Associated Press, along with Dashiell Hammett, of "The Thin Man," are to be bigwigs in one capacity or another. Most of the rest of the gossip, however, is just speculation.

Two rumors seem more substantial than the rest: that the new paper will be "progressive" and that it will be free from control by advertising interests. The two reports are obviously related. An editor who must think first of what his advertisers would like, and second about the facts of the matter, could hardly follow a "progressive" policy—however you might define that elusive label. Mr. Ingersoll's daily will carry advertising but will not depend on such revenue for its financial life. Probably it will sell for five cents a copy. At that price a paper printed by the new, inexpensive offset processes could pay for itself, we understand, at a circulation of 200,000 or more.

But independence from advertiser control, by itself, does not make a paper "progressive" in the sense that The New Republic applies the word to its policy. The direct pressure on the editor from department stores, the public utilities and the Chamber of Commerce is, in fact, greatly overrated. In newspaper editing, policy is determined by the whole complex of ideas and attitudes that is shared by the publisher, the editor and his staff.

Whatever its political alignment may turn out to be, the new paper is bound to be exciting technically. None of the present newspapers is up to date so far as format, make-up and news treatment are concerned. The same weight of investment in plant and equipment that explains, in part, their conservatism, prevents the easy adoption of improved techniques. Because it will start from scratch, the new paper can at least begin by making full use of the latest gadgets and technical knowledge.

What will it be called? Light, some say. P. M. is the inside tip of others. Is Henry R. Luce, Time's Number One Tycoon, secretly behind the new venture? He says positively not, but perhaps his denials are a shade too fervent. What size will it be? The guesses have ranged from standard down through tabloid to Readers' Digest format.

Some say that Mr. Ingersoll's most important departure will be the editing of the news in Time's departmental style—a daily nickel magazine. Will the foreign-news department, in that case, be edited and printed in Paris and transmitted to New York by wirephoto? Is it true that the paper will use more pictures and more color than any of its rivals?

It is rumored that the paper's "bureau of standards" will print apologies to the readers in the same space and style as exaggerated advertising claims. And also that it will refuse to take advertisements for products of which it does not thoroughly approve. Dorothy Parker is reported engaged to do a daily column. In this helter-skelter of fact and fancy there is one widely circulated rumor we can definitely spike: that the editor is to be Bruce Bliven. He works for us, and will keep right on.

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Beard's "Economic Interpretation"

Ninth of the "Books That Changed Our Minds"

AT COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY about a quarter-century ago, crowded classrooms were listening to an assistant professor in his early thirties expound strange doctrine. His name was Charles A. Beard and he was a tall rangy young man from Indiana, with a sharp aquiline profile, looking half farmer and half Roman philosopher. When he talked he threw back his head and half-shut his eyes, but his doctrine was such as to cause the ghosts of generations of Constitution-mongering professors to hover uneasily over his classroom. The study of American history, he said, was cluttered with myths that had more relevance to filial piety than to the real past. He was concrete. Instead of repeating Bancroft's sunny banalities on the guiding hand of Providence in the affairs of the young Republic, which led to the conclusion that the Almighty must have been a Federalist, he analyzed a batch of Treasury statistics, or dug up some pamphlets by John Taylor. He was unafraid to incur the charge of irreverence. He refused to convert his job into a pastorate for a herd of academic sacred cows.

Every great thinker stands between the dying and the being born, between old bones and new stirrings in the realm of thought. Beard in 1913 could see the disintegration of the filial historical school. In constitutional history the great names were still Bancroft, Schouler, von Holst, Fiske and McLaughlin, but their authority had worn thin. By the dominant tradition American history was still written and taught with a mixture of formalist logic-chopping and the star-spangled manner. But fresh work was getting done. Turner's frontier theory, first broached in 1893, represented an economic emphasis. In the year that Beard took his doctorate at Columbia, 1904, Thorstein Veblen at Chicago published his "Theory of Business Enterprise," which was to remake American economic thought. Among Beard's own colleagues at Columbia, a genuine intellectual renaissance was in process: John Dewey was making philosophy democratic and pragmatic, and James Harvey Robinson was extending the boundaries of history to include the whole realm of the history of ideas. But the strongest impulses were coming from the new jurisprudence. Holmes had struck in 1905 in his dissent in *Lochner v. N. Y.* the high pitch of American juristic thought. And in 1908, Louis Brandeis, the "People's Attorney" of Boston, had presented his famous *Müller v. Oregon* brief with two pages of legal argument and over a hundred pages of economic statistics—and had won the case. The same year that [illegible] run into. He made his book a magnificently planned saw Beard's book on the Constitution published saw battle [illegible] also Brooks Adams' "The Theory of Social Revolution"—a merciless analysis of the Supreme Court decisions and constitutional history from the standpoint of the historical materialism of an eccentric Bostonian aristocrat.

The fact is that Beard's book was no literary mutation. The intellectuals were writing in response to new movements for social justice—populism, trade-unionism, socialism, muckraking, the "new freedom," the "new nationalism." And these movements were themselves a response to the powerful compulsives of the new technology and the new system of class relations. Thus Beard's book was not so much influenced by Turner, Veblen, Holmes, Brandeis, Robinson, Wilson, T. R., Brooks Adams: rather were they outgrowths of the same social soil and intellectual climate. Beard was to write (with his wife) in his "Rise of American Civilization" in 1927 a Veblenian chapter on the intellectual history of this period:

> Once the juristic wall was breached, a search began for the springs of motive that induced individuals and groups to take part in the governing process. . . . As fitted the machine age . . . the search for such origins opened a way into the realm of economic enterprise. When that departure was made, no sanctum could elude intruders; no department of government, legislative, executive or judicial, could avoid the light of scientific criticism.

Thus did the Beard of 1927 describe the forces that led the Beard of 1913 as an "intruder" into the "sanctum" of the economic motives of the Founding Fathers.

The book that was the product of the intrusion was "An Economic Interpretation of the Constitution." The title itself was enough to startle the academic and political tycoons: the very juxtaposition of our great Sacred Writing with so secular a phrase as "economic interpretation" conveyed to many the suggestion of outright blasphemy. And the book pulled few punches. It set out to explain the formation of the Constitution and the founding of the new government, not on the doctrinal plane of the "federal" as against "states' rights" doctrine, nor on the traditional plane of "compromises" between sections and between small and large states, but on the plane of economic interests.

The sheer masterful structure of the book has nowhere had adequate justice done to it. Beard must have had a premonition of the desperate resistance he would

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deploys his troops, opens fire, brings up his heaviest guns, and then systematically mops up and consolidates his position. Most great books require a creative act in the very summary of them. That is not true of Beard's. Its argument is patent for anyone who will take the trouble to read it, as so few have done. There is little in it of marginal suggestiveness—in fact, as literature that is its principal weakness. You get what the author is driving at in the very first chapter: after that, the interest of the book lies in seeing how he elaborates and defends his thesis. It is all a bit like a demonstration of a mathematical theorem. You feel like writing Q.E.D. at the end, or else "Not Proven." It is almost as if the author had set out with a deliberate severity to strip the book of every adornment, on the theory that a plain woman would be less suspected of being a wanton than an attractive one.

But if the manner is severe and geometrical, the matter must have been to the generation of 1913 brash and daring. Instead of proceeding with Bancroft on the hypothesis that American history had been determined by the "higher power" that operates in human affairs, or with the school of Herbert Adams and John Fiske on the hypothesis that the presiding power had been the genius of Teutonic tribal institutions, or with McMaster and Rhodes on the hypothesis that no hypothesis was necessary and that fact-gathering from archives and newspapers was enough, he proposed to proceed on "the theory of economic determinism"—which, he remarked, "has not been tried out in American history, and until it is tried out, it cannot be found wanting."

The book became thus an inquiry into the proposition that "the direct, impelling motive" in the formation and ratification of the Constitution "was the economic advantages which the beneficiaries expected would accrue to themselves first, from their action." To test this he set about making a survey of property interests in 1787, both in realty and personalty. It led to the hypothesis of an opposition of economic interest between the small farmers, the debtor class and the unpropertied urban dwellers on the one hand, and on the other the landed proprietors (Hudson Valley patroons and Southern slave-holders) and the groups with personalty interests (money loaned or seeking investment, state and Continental paper, manufacturing, shipping, trading and capital speculatively invested in Western lands). The interests of the propertied groups often clashed. But, whatever their differences, on one thing they were agreed: if they were to survive, then what was needed was a strong central government that would check radical state legislation, put down the open insurrections against property, create a unified tariff and monetary system and set up checks upon the action of the majority.

The political leaders of these propertied groups were compelled to resort to an extra-legal coup—a Constitutional Convention which adopted a revolutionary program and put it through in defiance of the provisions for amendment in the Articles of Confederation. The groups representing important personalty interests in the state legislatures quietly and carefully engineered the selection of their own delegates to the Convention. In the amazing Chapter V on "The Economic Interests of the Members of the Convention," which is the heart of the book, Beard examines in detail the economic interests and experience of each delegate and concludes that "not one member represented in his immediate personal economic interests the small farming or mechanic classes," while at least five-sixths (including the Convention's leaders) "were immediately, directly and personally interested in the outcome of their labors at Philadelphia, and were to a greater or less extent economic beneficiaries from the adoption of the Constitution." The document they constructed, for all that it was couched and defended in terms of political doctrine, was in all its implications and in its deepest meaning an economic document. The state ratifying conventions were chosen, because of property disqualifications or indifference, by a vote of not more than one-sixth of the adult males. They were certainly, in their leadership, representative of the same economic groups as the members of the original Convention. The whole process of ratifying this document had the same aspects of a deliberately maneuvered *coup* by the propertied interests as the calling of the Convention itself.

One need scarcely say what an anguished cry arose when the book appeared early in 1913, from the masters of property and their lieutenants in politics, in law, in the press and the academies, among the professional patrioteers. William Howard Taft and Elihu Root both attacked it, and Taft, just become ex-President, not only mentioned it slightingly in his valedictory book, "Popular Government," but went out of his way to make a speech against it. A self-formed committee of the New York Bar Association summoned Beard to appear before it and defend his thesis: "and when I declined . . ." Beard wrote later, "they treated my reply as a kind of contempt of court." Some of the reviewers showed a sense of injured national pride amounting to hysteria. Albert Bushnell Hart, the mogul of the historians, set the tone in his article "Baseless Slanders on Great Men." The Dial said it "tends . . . to foster unjustified class antagonism." J. H. Latane, in The American Political Science Review, wrote, "It will require more convincing evidence . . . to upset the traditional view that the members of the federal convention were patriotic men earnestly striving to arrive at the best political solution of the dangers that threatened the republic." The Nation reviewed it rather favorably when it appeared, but a year and a half later —perhaps when the editors had had a chance to digest the general hysteria—it published a scathing editorial

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called "Muckraking the Fathers." The Seattle high schools took the trouble to ban the book outright.

There were other and divergent voices. O. G. Libby and William E. Dodd gave it courageous reviews. What happened in The New York Times was curious. It did not get a review at all for several months; then, on November 23, a week before the publication of the Times list of the "100 Best Books of the Year" (chosen by an independent group of critics), there was a fair and cordial review: the next week it was one of the list. Parrington has written about Beard's thesis, in the third volume of his "Main Currents," that "the really surprising thing is that it should have come as a surprise." That would be true, if one could premise on the part of people a knowledge of what they ought to know if they were rational and sensible. Actually, given the way in which the book tore aside the veil of patriotism that clothed the role of big property in American history, the surprising thing is not that there was so much anguish when the book appeared, but that there was not more. That it was not unanimous testifies to the strength of the forces that had in the first instance brought the book to fruition.

What was maddening to those who raged against Beard was that he could not be ignored. Something a good deal like his thesis had appeared two years earlier (1911) in A. M. Simons' "Social Forces in American History" and a year earlier (1912) in Gustavus Meyers' "The History of the Supreme Court," but they were Socialists and could be dismissed as such. The connection between corruption and Big Business, between political action and economic interest, had been shown in contemporary terms by Lincoln Steffens' "Shame of the Cities" and the writings of the other muckrakers: but they were, after all, muckrakers. Here was someone who was neither Socialist nor muckraker. He was American to the core, loaded with degrees, drenched in teaching. Professor J. Allen Smith had published, in 1907, a strikingly original book—"The Spirit of American Government"—which opened up many leads that Beard followed. But where Smith was suggestive, Beard was thorough and systematic. What was galling about him was that he used all the paraphernalia of scientific method, which had been considered a monopoly of smugness and the *status quo*. There is a tradition to the effect that he had started with the intention of doing a biography of Alexander Hamilton, and while quarrying among the musty archives in the basement of the Treasury that had not been touched for a century, he saw the more dramatic possibilities that these documents and the state financial records disclosed for a study of the political role of the holders of government paper. At any rate, the research he did was a real *tour de force:* it could put to shame on the level of sheer scholarship anyone who sought to challenge it from his Olympian heights. The technical flaws that could be picked were few and unconvincing. The citations, where they were not from primary statistical sources, came from the Founding Fathers themselves.

What could you do with a man like that? You couldn't ignore him. You could only rage against his indecency, question his patriotism, accuse him of fomenting class hatred—and bide your time.

The time came, four years later. Beard had been watching the progress of the European war with enormous anxiety, alarmed at the submarine campaign, fearful of the danger of Prussianism to the world, making periodic statements to strengthen Wilson's hand in dealing with Germany. Then, on October 9, 1917, the front pages ran the story of his resignation from Columbia, immediately as a protest against the dismissal of Professors Cattell and Dana in the patriotic hysteria that preceded our entrance into the War, but basically—as he explained in The New Republic of December 29, 1917—as a protest against business control of university educational policy, and the "doctrinal inquisition" of himself and others on the faculty by the trustees. The letter to Mr. Butler that accompanied his resignation is a classic of university history:

> The University [he wrote] is really under the control of a small and active group of trustees who have no standing in the world of education, who are reactionary and visionless in politics, and narrow and medieval in religion. . . . As I think of their [his colleagues'] scholarship . . . and compare them with a few obscure and willful trustees who now . . . terrorize the young instructors, I cannot repress my astonishment that America . . . has made the status of the professor lower than that of the manual laborer, who, through his union, has at least some voice in the terms and conditions of his employment.

If his book on the Constitution was his "Theory of the Leisure Class," this was his "Higher Education in America." His own attitude was patriotic enough, but in his generosity and his belief in freedom he could not tolerate the gagging of others, and in his "Olympian anger" he had to speak out. He had been hounded ever since the publication of his book by sometimes silly and sometimes vicious annoyances and pressures. But the climax was reached when President Butler failed to shield him from a stupid grilling by two of the trustees, Bangs and Coudert, about "teachings likely to inculcate disrespect for American institutions." The pay-off came in a Times editorial the day after his resignation was announced. It was called "Columbia's Deliverance," and was an answer at once to his resignation, his letter and his book:

> Columbia . . . is better for Professor Beard's resignation. Some years ago Professor Beard published a book in which he sought to show that the founders of this Republic and the authors of its Constitution were a ring of land speculators who bestowed upon the country a body of organic law drawn up chiefly in the interest of their own pockets. It was pointed out to him at the time, with due kindness but

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fessor should have written, since it was grossly unscientific. . . . It was the fruit of that school of thought and teaching . . . borrowed from Germany, which denies to man . . . the capacity of noble striving . . . that seeks always as the prompting motive either the animal desire to get more to eat or the hope of filling his pockets. If this sort of teaching were allowed to go on unchecked . . . we should presently find educated American youth applying the doctrine of economic determinism to everything from the Lord's Prayer to the binomial theorem.

It had taken a long time, but American capitalism had finally published its review of Beard's book.

Beard is the only American historian since Turner whose historical method has been widely recognized as taking the shape of a "theory" or a "thesis." This may be because he has always been more than a historian. He has always had one foot, and the firmer one, planted in political science: which may prove the meaninglessness of both labels, or may prove Robert Lynd's contention (in his "Knowledge for What?") that a historian is always a better historian when he is something else to start with. We see now that Beard's inquiry into the origins of the Constitution was only the first of a series of panels on the theme of the role of the economic in American culture. The second was "Economic Origins of Jeffersonian Democracy" (1915), a study of party beginnings which I hold the maturer and meatier book, one of the neglected American classics. The third was his theory (best found in "The Rise of American Civilization," 1927) of the Civil War not as a struggle over the slavery doctrine but as "the second American Revolution" of the planting class against the capitalists; and, in sequel, the view of the Fourteenth Amendment as the logical outcome of the war in ensuring the iron-clad protection of capitalist enterprise by the courts.

Such doctrine, quite apart from the initial shock it gave in 1913, could not help leaving a more continuing mark on American thought. It was for many a harsh awakening from a fake American Dream. The premise even of the muckrakers had been of an original Eden, and a fall from grace—to be remedied by the atonement of reform. But Beard laid bare the basic struggle between democracy and capitalism and traced it back to the origins of the American state. Eden had never been Eden. The triumph of the oligarchs that Beard's contemporaries were witnessing was thus not contrary to the spirit of 1789 but a logical culmination of it. And what was true of the origins of the government was true of later crises in its history. The slogans of the propertied groups took on for many people a new meaning. The Supreme Court issue was especially affected. For if it was true that the Constitution itself was the product of class interests, it would follow *a fortiori* that the same interests were operative in its

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of judges and their Lucretian place above the mortal battle? Nor were the Socialists, despite Beard's protestations, slow to draw their deductions. The book, writes Joseph Freeman in "An American Testament," "was a byword among Socialist agitators who liked to quote established intellectual authorities. . . . [It] established beyond question the Socialist contention that the United States was a class society whose fundamental laws are class laws for the benefit of the bankers and manufacturers as against the workers and farmers."

Beard has often disavowed this claim that his book proved the Socialist thesis. While I think he has underestimated the effect of Marxism on the climate of opinion from which he drew his doctrine, he has undoubtedly been accurate in distinguishing between Marxist thought and his own. He has traced his own intellectual genealogy back to Madison, Hamilton, Webster, Calhoun and Emerson: and beyond them to Harrington and Aristotle. There has been, he contends, a tradition of economic emphasis in native American political thought. This is a healthy reminder for those who equate "economic" with "un-American." Under the stress of the attack on him, Beard has increasingly underlined this dissociation. And actually one may trace in his writing an attenuation of the economic interpretation of history—if one starts, for example, with his statement in his 1913 book that "until the theory of economic determinism is tried out, it cannot be found wanting," then goes on to the explanation in his 1935 edition that he meant merely that the economic factor must be included among other factors in history, and ends with his treatise on method in history, "The Discussion of Human Affairs" (1936), in which he concludes that the whole problem is really very difficult and full of intangibles.

The fact is that Beard, like other social thinkers in his tradition, has never made up his mind on the central problem of the role of the economic in history. His book on the Constitution was the closest he came to a formulation. In some ways it was oversharp, in others not sharp enough. It was oversharp by making the economic interpretation a theory of men's motives rather than of men's ideas. Spurred no doubt by a desire for definiteness and precision which is not to be found in the history of ideas, and by a need to protect himself against the charge of vagueness, Beard cut out for himself too big a job—to show that the members of the Convention stood to gain in immediate and personal economic advantage by the outcome of their work. This was an unnecessary *tour de force* of research. It is as if, in seeking to explain the anti-New Deal rulings of the Supreme Court majority during the constitutional crisis of 1935-37, one were to seek to show that their own investments were at stake. What was relevant in a theory of economic conditioning was the relation between class and group interests on the one hand

was not the property *holdings* of the members of the Convention but their property *attitudes*. To be sure, their attitudes might be inferred from their holdings—but it was a roundabout procedure and one that laid Beard open to the charge of stressing the crass aspects of men's motivations. His enemies made the most of it.

Here a more Marxian approach, rather than a straight Madisonian one, would have been helpful. For on the plane of the history of ideas, the Marxian view stresses attitudes as outgrowths of interests: and the attitudes of a particular individual need in no way be related to his sense of a direct economic interest. They may be only his borrowings from the prevalent climate of opinion—which in turn, but at a remove, rationalizes class interests. Had Beard taken such a view he would have been able to solve the basic dilemma in his book of being caught between a denial of the disinterestedness of the Founding Fathers and a denial of their patriotism and sense of national interest. Again and again Beard talks of the "wise" Fathers: yet most of his readers must have been puzzled as to how they could be selfish and "wise" at the same time—unless one premised a sort of enlightened selfishness such as may be found in Adam Smith's "economic man." One answer is that many of them felt, and could afford to feel, unselfish and patriotic: for there was no fault line between their sense of class interest and the prosperity of the new nation. And when that prosperity came it ratified their wisdom, whatever their intent, and made saints of them. It is significant that when Beard published his sequel on Jeffersonian democracy, no comparable cry of anguish arose from the propertied groups and their spokesmen. He had moved away from the Fathers to the less sacred precincts of Jeffersonian politicians and theorists. And it is also significant that when Beard came to discuss the framing of the Fourteenth Amendment he should have seen in it, as Louis Boudin has recently pointed out, a "deep purpose" in the nature of a conspiracy. A theory of direct economic motivation leads quite naturally to a penchant for seeing conspiracies.

But these criticisms should not blind us to the importance and influence of the book. Its importance lay in the directness with which it cut through the whole tissue of liberal idealism and rhetoric to the economic realities in American history—and therefore in contemporary American life as well. Its influence is not to be measured by its sales, which, after the initial flurry on publication, dribbled along year after year until new interest was awakened by the New Deal constitutional crisis. Beard's book on the Constitution is one of those books that become a legend—which are more discussed than read and which are known more for their title than their analysis. But in a quarter-century its thesis has increasingly seeped into our history-writing—although a recent study shows that most of the primary and secondary-school textbooks either ignore it or mention it only for refutation. It is not hard to guess that this is because school supervisors are still fundamentalists.

MAX LERNER

No Colonies for Anybody

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S TELEGRAM to Hitler and Mussolini has revived the talk of a possible general conference of the powers, and this in turn has inevitably revived discussion of a possible redistribution of colonies. The present is therefore a good moment to remark that on the face of the record, no one of the "great" nations, either among the democracies or the totalitarian powers, is fit to have any colonies at all. Every last one of them, in its colonial administration, shows an almost unbroken history of cruelty, greed and stupidity sufficient to make the angels weep.

If in this article I seem to stress the iniquities of "the democracies," I hope no one will accuse me of pro-Germanism. England and France and their friends have sinned more greatly only because they have had more opportunity. Germany of course has had no colonies since the War; but before that, her savage cruelty to the natives in her grip was a disgrace to civilization. The same has been true in later years of Italy and her treatment of the populations of Libya,

Britain offers a conspicuous example of imperial misrule in the case of her richest possession. Untold wealth has poured into British purses from India, but very little has filtered down to the Indian masses. British coal-mining companies, for example, have paid dividends of as much as 112 percent, while native workers were getting about five cents a day. Peasants fare no better than workers. The Official Health report of Bengal throws a lurid light on rural India: "The present peasantry of Bengal are taking a dietary on which rats could not live for more than five weeks." In short, after a century and a half of British rule, India's population has a per-capita income of only $35 a year and a consumption of about $18. Is it any surprise, then, that the average life expectation of an Indian is only twenty-three years, while that of a resident of England is fifty-three?

To keep the lid on these intolerable conditions, Britain has resorted to two policies. One—conciliation—has created a complicated semblance of political autonomy: the Government of India Act. Actually the

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India really remains a colony governed from London. Since Indians rebel against this sham, the other and more time-honored policy of intimidation prevails. Thus at Mysore on April 27, 1938, British troops fired on a mass meeting of 25,000 called to demand political liberty. They killed twenty-six and wounded forty-eight. Elsewhere more modern methods are used. For years Royal Air Force planes have staged periodic bombing raids on the independent tribes along the northwest frontier, destroying villages, killing men, women and children.

This bloody trail leads through all parts of the Empire. The Royal Air Force takes its toll among the natives of southern Arabia, where in 1937 the British government (why is it never called an aggressor?) annexed by force an area of 100,000 square miles. Threats of bombings keep the tribesmen of Kenya quiet in face of expropriation of their lands. In the self-governing Union of South Africa, the white minority refuses political rights to the black majority, deprives the latter of its best lands and keeps it in virtual slavery. General Hertzog, the Union's political leader, sanctions this with a racial doctrine not very different from that of Hitler: "There can be no equality between white and black in Church and State."

The former German colony of Southwest Africa has been administered by League mandate in much the same spirit. There Britain's forces bombed and killed hundreds of members of the Bondelswart tribe who opposed expropriation of their lands. This sort of thing, indeed, spans the globe: in the West Indies (witness the recent disorders in Jamaica and Trinidad), West Africa, Cyprus, Palestine (where true war rages against British rule), Ceylon and even in remote Samoa (where natives have organized to fight the injustices of the League mandate). The sun never sets on British imperialist oppression.

The French Empire makes no better showing. Italy today challenges the right of the French to rule Tunisia, but the Arab majority in this protectorate can raise the issue with more justice than the Italians. Poverty, depression and the inevitable consequences of the exploitation of the country by French capitalists has given rise to the Neo-Destour Party, which demands independence. When the Neo-Destourians rioted in 1938, the French government officially suppressed the party and threw its leaders into jail. It is ironical to note how approvingly the press in democratic countries reported the "firmness against the aggressor" voyage of M. Daladier to Tunis recently, during which Neo-Destourians demonstrated and were sent to jail for their pains.

Senegal, however, presents an even darker picture of the policies of French imperialism. France relies on her African possessions for man-power to support her armies along the Rhine. The following letter from a native independence leader describes a recent "round-

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o'clock in the morning, while the peaceful inhabitants of Abidjan were dancing in a hall, policemen, armed gendarmes and riflemen surrounded the hall. Everyone in the room except the women were arrested. All the men—old men, children, the sick or the healthy—were brought in trucks to the military camp. In the streets that same evening a veritable man-hunt occurred and lasted until dawn. . . . Throughout the territory, the same round-up goes on. The captured flow into Abidjan by trains, automobiles, trucks and boats. This campaign took place to get riflemen, because the natives swore they would not, on any condition, go to war on behalf of the whites."

Three other empires huddle precariously behind the British and French. Their rulers are fearful of losing territory by a deal between the Great Powers. Two of them—the Dutch and the Belgian—are ruled by democracies, the third by a Fascist state—Portugal. But their imperialist policies toward subject natives are practically identical.

Twenty thousand Dutch in their Netherlands Indies rule sixty million natives. These Indies are rich, yet the natives live in a state of abject poverty. A native of Java, for instance, gets only about half as much pay as a native of the Philippines. To add to this distress, the authorities have increased the cost of living recently by levying high tariffs on cheap Japanese goods. The Dutch try to keep the native in a permanently inferior status to the white. Rigid caste divisions—"native status," "Eurasian status," "European status," etc.—mark the social and administrative life of the colonies. Education of natives (who are 97-percent illiterate) is discouraged. The Governor-General wields virtually despotic powers. He can ban any political organization and he censors the press.

The parliamentary regime in Brussels bears down as heavily on the natives of the Belgian Congo as its brother democratic institution across the border. Fifty years ago King Leopold set the pace with forced labor, floggings and mutilations of the Congo natives. Today, forced labor continues in the copper mines—some of the richest in the world. About 20,000 native mine-workers receive between four and five francs a month. Because of these miserable wages, the owners (Union Mine Company) have been able to maintain large profits in spite of the world depression. British and Belgian capital united in a subsidiary of Unilever, the palm-oil company, to exploit the rural natives—breaking up villages, confiscating crops and forcing natives into company service. Belgium also administers a League mandate of former German territory—Urandi-Ruanda. Land has been stolen from the natives, famines sweep the country, and Belgian troops, in suppressing one revolt, are said to have killed 40,000 blacks.

Portugal several centuries ago led the field as a

African empire—and with much the same picturesque trimmings. The new word for it, however, is "forced labor." Forced-labor agents, accompanied by soldiers, visit native villages in Angola and "persuade" chiefs to furnish them with laborers. The latter, chained around the neck, are marched hundreds of miles to the coast, where they are auctioned off to cocoa-plantation owners from the islands of St. Thome and Principe. These victims never get paid for their labor, but the agents receive about $150 a head for adults and $75 to $100 for boys and girls.

Americans need not indulge in too much righteous horror over these doings. The record of the United States' imperialism in the past—in Haiti, Santo Domingo, Nicaragua and Mexico—is no source of pride. Although we have now withdrawn from these republics and granted autonomy to the Philippines, we have not repented. We are repeating the old errors in Puerto Rico, where a nationalist movement has arisen, marked by hatred of "Yanqui" imperialism. In 1936, Nationalist terrorists assassinated Colonel Riggs, head of the insular police. American officials charged Albizu Campos and other Nationalist leaders with "conspiracy to overthrow the government of the United States." These Nationalists were sentenced to six years in jail. Police killed twenty members of a peaceful assemblage of Nationalists called to protest against the arrest of Albizu Campos and his companions.

If the colonial demands of Germany and Italy are granted, what treatment could the natives expect from their new masters?

Take Italy, as a fresh case-history. Italy since the last war *has* obtained new territories. The rape of Ethiopia and the subsequent cruel oppression of her inhabitants is well known throughout the world. What isn't so familiar is Italy's treatment of Libya, next door to France's Tunisia. In 1922, the Italians, who had had a foothold in this territory since before the War, set to work under General Graziani to consolidate their rule. "Graziani," says Robert G. Woolbert, writing in Asia, January, 1938, "carried on one of the most thorough campaigns against a whole population—armed and unarmed—that have marked modern imperialism." The Italians strung a barbed-wire entanglement along the desert for 200 miles on the Egyptian border to keep the rebels from escaping and to prevent help from coming to them from the outside. Italian troops relentlessly pursued all natives bearing arms, killed many and threw their families into concentration camps. In the meantime, Italy instituted an equally thorough racial policy in the administrative and economic field. Italians took precedence in the bureaucracy, in trade, industry and the professions. Italian settlers obtained the best lands, displacing natives, who had to take poor lands. Libya had 1,500,000 inhabitants before Italy took the country. Today she has but 500,000

Germany's treatment of her pre-war colonies leaves no doubt about the fate of natives in case she wins colonial appeasement. The First Reich treated natives with the cruelty characteristic of British, French and other colonial exploiters. The Germans drove natives off the best land, which they appropriated for themselves, and forced the blacks to work in mines and plantations. In German Southwest Africa they mercilessly liquidated the Herreros, who had put up a resistance to these policies. Over 100,000 of these unfortunates were driven into the desert and kept there by armed detachments until they died. Although the Germans attempted to reform their colonial administration after this horrifying scandal, they apparently made little progress in winning back the natives. For when the War broke out in 1914, only natives in German East Africa remained loyal to Germany. Today Africans fear return of German rule—and with reason.

This is the picture of what the imperial powers have done. It is already being blurred, however, by hypocritical propaganda from both Haves and Have Nots. British imperialists, in order to justify their retention of African colonies, glibly quote Hitler's "ape-head" remarks. They keep silent about the racial doctrines of the Union of South Africa. The Germans, for their part, harp on their "reformed" colonial era (following the Herrero massacre) when Dr. Dernburg introduced many social-welfare reforms in the interests of the natives. The British could retort to this by pointing to many benevolent measures carried out in their colonies. Yet all this begs the question.

The point is that, whatever the alleviating details, the basic exploitation and the native resistance to it continue. Native elements everywhere, save for a few tame chiefs or imperial puppets, will not fight voluntarily for one side or the other. Jomo Kenyatta, speaking for the inhabitants of Kenya, put the matter well, "No one in his senses fights for the difference between 11½d. and a shilling." What the natives really want is their independence.

Towards this goal, native movements are struggling, in all parts of the empires—particularly in the British and French empires. Kenyatta, former tribal chief in Kenya, leads the independence movement in his country. George Padmore, Jamaican Negro, directs the fight for a federation of independent Caribbean states. Emile Faure, Senegalese Negro, as president of the Rassemblement Coloniale, works for the emancipation of all the various native races under French rule. Messali Hadj, chief of the North African independence movement, lies in a French jail as a symbol of Arab revolt against French rule. In India, there are Gandhi and Pandit Nehru; in Ceylon, Dr. Wickremansinge. And so on.

Many of these leaders admit that the grant of self-

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problems; that native bourgeoisie and landowners may well continue to oppress the agricultural and industrial masses. But, they insist, natives would have a better chance to work out their salvation against native overlords alone than against these overlords buttressed by the force of imperialist governments.

FRANK C. HANIGHEN

Why Bombs Are Being Thrown

THE RECENT—or should I say current?—bombings in England have caused a great deal of bitterness against Ireland among democrats in America. They think of our country as one of the solid battalions manipulated by international fascism, and so give ready ear to the cry that the Irish Republican Army in exploding mines in London is merely a fifth column acting for Hitler.

This belief arises, naturally enough, out of Ireland's backward role as seen in the newspaper headlines. Long-distance news reports seem confirmed by the role of Irish Catholics in America on such issues as the embargo on Spain. When Ireland could back Hitler and Mussolini by sending a brigade to Franco as well as funds collected in Irish churches during mass, small wonder indeed if democrats should think us capable of setting off bombs in England in an attempt to win fascism a breathing space for further military adventures. And yet the truth is that there is a powerful minority in Catholic Ireland and among Irish Catholics in America who have been mighty workers for democracy. They have no separate slogans or battle formations because of the complete collapse of Catholic intellectuals, and so they remain shut in behind the loud speakers of General O'Duffy's Christian Front in Ireland and his relay stations in America.

American liberal opinion needs to be convinced that its attitude toward Ireland should be reviewed in the light of new facts. Neither Nazi Germany nor Fascist Italy, nor Father Coughlin's "communists from Prague," inspired the IRA. I know the men who control the IRA today, and I know the organization they control, for I spent more than a dozen years in its executive and army council. Here is the story of that control and its policy:

In the ten years, 1924-34, there were two policies within the Irish Republican Army. One was to restate the role of the IRA in the tradition of James Connolly's Citizen Army, making it represent the intelligence and courage of the worker and small-farmer population with whom the movement for freedom so largely rests. For a time we dominated the Republican Army and made such progress that it loomed up at the head of a powerful popular movement, especially in the agrarian field. The government of the tion and red labels, receiving the coöperation of the Catholic hierarchy, who extended their condemnation even to include De Valera.

During these developments there was the relentless opposition of the "Powder Group." They are a continuation of the "Invincibles" of an earlier day, men who believe that one stick of gelignite can tell the world more of a people's discontent than any amount of speeches and parades. They wanted to be free of all the waste of public controversy and go on silently with their terrorist activities. And now, suddenly, their chance came. Moderates stampeded before the red labels, deserted to the opposition and eventually forced the revolutionary group out the door. With us gone, the moderates were convinced that they could found a party on a pale version of our views, free of clerical ban, but the "Invincibles" were in no mood for any further distraction and did not care a hoot about clerical bans, so they bundled the moderates out on our heels and won control.

Present conditions strengthen the appeal of a reckless policy. In northeast Ulster there is a state of fascist terror. Republicans may not hold meetings, or circulate papers, or even meet privately without risk of police raids. Men and women are arrested and held without trial. Deportations are served and enforced. And all this in an area represented directly in the British Parliament, without any opposition campaign among democrats in Britain. Worst of all, De Valera not only fails to lead the people in a drive for unity and independence but negotiates a "settlement" which ignores the situation in the six-county area. And so the IRA, persecuted in northeast Ulster, deserted by democrats in Britain, betrayed by De Valera, losing members through the loss of its "Lefts," flings itself with reckless courage into this wasteful campaign of bombings which must result in almost certain capture for the Active Service Units, and lifelong prison sentences. I, who fought with a bitterness equal to that which was directed against me to head the organization away from this policy, can do no less than bear witness to the genuinely traditional nature of the inspiration on which it is based.

The tragedy of the terrorists springs from the role of the moderates. There is a way out even at this late hour if only the policy on which the "Lefts" were defeated in 1934 were to be allowed. It is this: That all organizations standing for Independence come together quickly, every branch of a trade union and every school area of small farmers to be represented, in a congress of the nation to announce a campaign for the redeclaration of Independence; and that parallel to the campaign at home we send missions to Britain, America and France, to let democratic-minded people know that Ireland declares her independence and organizes her resources to maintain it, not only because it is her right but because it is only as a free nation

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that she can play her full role in a people's front against fascism.

Meantime, liberal opinion can hold the door open so that we shall not find the road forward barricaded against us. For however cynical of democratic declarations by the British government Irish terrorists may be, they are no Fifth Column manipulated by Hitler.

PEADAR O'DONNELL

The Best Policy

AFTER all the loose-end months on the road, Alan's stay in Philadelphia had proved to be a pleasant interval; with a kind of leechlike stubbornness he'd clutched and held to the luxuries of bed and bath and regular meals. He was visiting friends. But he'd hung on too long. Now his conscience was giving him a bit of trouble. On sweaty sheets he twisted restlessly, the covers thrown back, stewing miserably, self-reproach mingling with the rather sour physical griefs of one more hang-over. Big Tim, delicatessen bound, had just suggested a Feast of the Hang-over. They had a crack for everything, those two guys. "Here we walk into the room sound asleep and you get out of bed and wake us up." They were a couple of clowns. Yet despite their friendly conviviality, Alan was beginning to realize that it wouldn't give either of them a headache to say goodbye to him. His act was over.

Big Tim returned with his sack of groceries.

"There you go," Tommy moaned, "spending our money on groceries—and not a drop of whiskey in the house."

After breakfast they sat around, Tommy and Alan still in pajamas, having some difficulty in finding anything to talk about. The air was sour, thick with dust. Sultry heat bulged in through the windows, and splintered light slipped past frayed edges of the blinds. A Philadelphia Sunday, and nothing to do except to hit the jug again. Hair of the dog. Alan said his little speech.

"No need rushing off," Tommy said.

"Sure," Big Tim said. "Stick it out. Long as you can stand the life."

"This can't go on forever," Alan said. "Anyway, I got to be on about my business."

Their rot-gut man, all smiles, a dapper and kind-hearted soul, came in with Sunday morning's gift, three happy sloshing pints. They drank in the bathroom, Big Tim planted on the stool, the other two perched on the edge of the tub. They chased the stuff with hurried gulps of water, free water, saving their mixer money for more of what really did the trick. But Alan found no single carefree drink, his bottle held only the familiar sense of his own uselessness.

"The sunny beaches of Florida," he said, grinning. "I got to get on down there before the snow flies."

"You always was a lucky bastard," Tommy said.

For two weeks they'd chewed the reminiscent fat. And Alan had ladled out his stories of adventure along the road, touched up a bit, say fictionized. He'd wisecracked, bragged, but he'd kept damn quiet about the one big adventure, that of being broke, six states from home, and on the rocks for sure. No hard-luck stories for your friends; it wasn't being done. Anyway, they didn't appreciate their luck, their set-up. They griped, and they had jobs. Big Tim worked in the shop beneath their rooms, a clerk, and Tommy drove a truck, a two-ton truck. Big fellow on the little job, little fellow on the big job. And Tommy couldn't stand the gaff, that's why he hit the liquor like he did. He was caught too, and his days and nights were whittling him down. For Alan there was more of the road and Tampa. He had four bucks saved up for the trip to Florida.

Tommy decided he was strong enough to take a bath and shave. Alan wandered on into the storeroom to the rear, a room jammed bewilderingly with the toy shop's surplus stock. First off, a sombrero. Alan, dark-skinned and slender, always had looked like a Spaniard, and now he needed nothing but a dagger, a rifle, maybe a larger, fiercer mustache. Alan laughed. The stuff was taking hold, his mind was loosening up, now he was going to act like a drunk was supposed to act. His carrying the two papier-maché fireman's helmets in to his friends was no more than a gesture. Big Tim was yelling something.

"But damn it, it's gone. And he's the only one that's even been in here."

"Keep your trap shut," Tommy said.

Then Alan walked in on them, the helmets in his hands. Something was wrong. Pausing awkwardly, he couldn't back out, had to go ahead, self-consciously, pretending he hadn't heard a word. They faked with him, threw off for the moment whatever it was that was bothering them. The helmets bridged the gap. Tommy and Big Tim capered about, helmet-topped.

"We ought to take in a couple fires," Alan said.

The two of them thought he looked the part the way he was, but he cleaned up and dressed for the street, then helped them kill the final pint. No go. His mind was still tied up in knots the stuff couldn't unravel.

From the garage they tooled the massive truck into the scorching Sunday calm, balling the jack, searching for elusive fires, roaming the stagnant streets and frying avenues. Bouncing through fleeing traffic, Tommy wound his vocal siren. Concentrating upon speed, the whip and slice of wind, they bluffed a thousand drivers, dodged a hundred accidents. Along the streets ordinary people paused, staring blankly, pointing, laughing. Alan wanted to throw away his silly sombrero; he thought the boys were carrying his proposition a bit too far; he kept an eye out for the cops. But no cops, no

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No fires, a drink instead, what say? Beyond the arching bridge and Camden (no Sunday fires in Jersey even) they found a highway roadhouse, dingy, tired-looking, needing lights and darkness, music. No music, but there was a bar, a moist and dully glistening bar, and beer.

The bartender took in their costumes with a hastily assumed commercial grin, listened to their loud-mouthed conversation with aplomb. The three of them took on a few. Big Tim paid, Tommy paid, Big Tim again. Alan was out of it, a moocher, a guest, a good-for-nothing.

Two fellows at the far end of the bar were singing, their heads close together. Tommy ordered three more beers. "When's things start moving?" he asked.

"Nine or ten," said the man behind the bar. "That's when the band gets here."

They had another stein apiece, then got the hell on out of the place. Big Tim tossed out a dollar bill, it flapped damply on the bar. The room was drunk, each man moved in an orbit of his own. Tommy and Big Tim disappeared, suddenly and magically. Alan's eyes were focused on the heap of change still lying on the bar. Scooping it up, he sailed on out, holding the sticky silver in his fist. His friends were in the truck, and looping plenty. A good gag to wait until after they had left the place. Teach Big Tim to watch his cash. The bartender came to the door and called to them.

"Hey you, big guy, come here!"

Big Tim walked over, talked to him. The two of them were sure a couple of big bruisers.

"We paid for all our beers!" Tommy yelled.

Alan knew what was up, all right. When Big Tim came back, sobered, he looked closely at Alan, but didn't say a word. Thinks I copped his change. It would have been all right if the bartender hadn't squealed. Then it would've been just one more drunken joke.

Alan paid the bill at the ferry. Tommy's hands were occupied, and Big Tim didn't have any change. Then Big Tim walked out to the edge of the ferry. They were moving slowly across the river, through water, dusk, then darkness. Tommy left the wheel and joined Big Tim. Before they called it a day Alan, with a sense of relief, got rid of the last of the seventy cents. They ate in Childs. He tipped the waitress, the dimes rolling crazily, then settling down snugly together on the white cloth. He covered his own check. The account was balanced.

But Alan knew that something should be said. Just getting rid of the change didn't help matters much. The big fellow didn't know Alan like Tommy knew him. But he was too tired to talk things over, couldn't even think straight. The seventy cents was gone. He wasn't going to make it up out of his own pocket. But the two of them had treated him plenty white, what had happened left a bad taste in his mouth. Big Tim days they'd known together in the past, this reunion.

Tommy wakened him in the morning. He was heading for work. Big Tim was still asleep. The little fellow was strangely uncommunicative, but Alan caught on that the show was over.

"I'll write from Tampa," he said. "Maybe we'll get together again some time."

"Well, so long. I got to get on the job. Luck to you."

It was too late to straighten things out. Alan knew that. But after he'd finished packing, he sat on the edge of the bed and wrote a note. That was the only thing left to do. He had to explain what had happened. He hadn't done anything to be ashamed of. When he looked up, Big Tim was wide awake, watching him.

"I guess you know I lost some money yesterday."

"You mean while we were out to the beer-joint?"

"To hell with that chicken-feed. I'm talking about the roll of bills I lost yesterday morning."

So that was it. A roll of bills. There was no joke; there could be no explanation. Alan stuffed the note into his coat pocket. No, he didn't know anything about it, he'd never even seen the roll of bills. But sure enough, they had the goods on him. He froze up, stubbornly. What kind of a guy did they think he was. To hell with the roll of bills and the lousy seventy cents. Long gone from here. Think anything you want to think. I'm long gone from here.

As Alan dressed the big fellow kept right after him. Alan felt like pasting him one. That would sure fix everything. He'd get the stuffing knocked out of him, then maybe they'd be even. The change stunt was a joke, that was all. He didn't know anything about the roll of bills. Maybe the bootlegger picked it up, or somebody from the store, or the girl who cleaned the place up. Jesus Christ, to think they thought he'd swiped the roll. The change stunt was a joke.

"Well, come on then," Big Tim said. "Let's get going."

He wasn't going to leave Alan alone in the rooms. The two of them walked down the stairs together. When they shook hands the big fellow didn't even look at Alan. But as he picked up his suitcase and walked away from the building and on down the street, Alan knew that the big fellow's eyes were chasing him on out of town.

WARREN C. HUDDLESTONE

Wolves

Two kinds of wolves I saw;
The starved, who hunted in the cold,
Low of back and lean of jaw,
Mean and sorry to behold:
The other wolves (who did not stir),
Were great of flesh and sleek of fur:
They seemed a race of wolves apart!
Except wolf eyes, except wolf heart.

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Shoot the Works

Save the Arts Projects

IT SEEMS EVEN MORE THAN IRONIC that the chief investigator of the congressional committee investigating the WPA should also be of counsel for the DAR. Mr. H. Ralph Burton, the attorney in question, appears to be bent on breaking down the Federal Art Projects. According to The New York Times, he has been summoning writers and actors to his hotel suite and putting them through a kind of third degree. Possibly his DAR affiliation is merely a coincidence, but the fact remains that the Daughters only recently undertook to discourage the Negro in American art, while among the most successful of the government's dramatic enterprises have been productions with Negro casts. In the case of "The Swing Mikado," for instance, Uncle Sam proved that he could be another Ziegfeld if he put his mind to it and make money with a musical show.

According to the report in The Times:

"Last week Mr. Burton appeared at the offices of the writers' project, 110 King Street, and distributed copies of a questionnaire among 100 persons at work on the project. The sixteenth and last question read: 'Are you a member of any alliance, association, society or union? Name all. State amount of dues paid. State how often meetings are held. State who solicited you for membership."

And I quote another paragraph from the same news story in The New York Times, which reads:

"Although Mr. Burton declined to comment publicly on the character of his investigation, persons who had been called to his suite in the Hotel New Yorker for interrogation expressed certainty that his principal aim was to collect data that would make it possible for the House committee to recommend abolition or drastic curtailment of the arts projects when Congress votes a relief appropriation for the fiscal year beginning July 1."

Whether the inquisitorial methods of Mr. H. Ralph Burton are within the field of his legal rights I do not assume to say. From a layman's point of view they seem both cruel and impudent. Indeed the inquiries as to associations and unions would almost suggest the promulgation of the theory that when the government steps in, workers must give up all idea of any coöperation whatsoever. And surely there is a sharp barb in that query, "State who solicited you for membership."

This is a part of the vast propaganda drive being put on by employers to convince the public that a union man is bludgeoned into joining up by the strong-arm methods of some "outside agitator." And the question about "dues" is also a part of this same propaganda. Many newspapers have given aid and comfort to the theory that labor leaders grind toll from the toiler and exploit him through the check-off system or by heavy penalties against the man who is not paid up. It would be foolish to assert that American labor, past or present, has been entirely free from any racketeering. But it is the exception. I think it fair to say that any so-called association, union or alliance which charges no dues at all must [illegible] should be permitted to say very much about the artistic

The device is a familiar one. In many plants management has successfully defeated unionization by fostering organizations of its own. Quarters are provided for meetings and everything is free. In the beginning an attempt is made to create the impression of "one big happy family" and "the boss will always be glad to see any of his employees either individually or through committees you may elect. You can discuss anything with him. You don't need any outsiders. We can settle these things among ourselves."

And some intelligent workers with at least an inkling of the fact that there are gains to be made through collective bargaining have been taken in by this propaganda. The history of every such free organization is the same. In the beginning there may be one or two meetings at which working conditions are discussed in a serious way, but before any demands are formulated, Mr. Mister, who has founded the "free union," throws a big get-together dance. On July 4 there is a picnic. And before the year is out the so-called union has become nothing but a chowder and marching club. The sandwiches and the beer are free, as in the big rousing labor scene in "The American Way." Everything is free and easy except the right to bargain collectively.

And when some lone worker attempts to try out the pledge that the boss will be glad to see any individual on the question of working conditions he will do well to bring along his hat and carfare to the place from which he came.

It seems to me monstrous that a congressional committee should be setting up a propaganda drive for strikebreaking and company unionism. Uncle Sam must set an example for other employers. If there can be no form of collective bargaining on federal projects it seems to me that the private entrepreneur has some right to holler that he cannot be criticized for being just as tough as the government.

Of course, it is tragic that Congress should begin to sharpen its knife against the arts projects, which have been among the most successful enterprises of the WPA. Here again it would be very wrong not to admit the right of searching criticism. Mistakes and errors have been made. But in the main the government is on the right track. And it is of enormous importance that at this moment the arts projects should be expanded rather than curtailed. They are a very vital part of the fight against fascism.

It is the duty of democracy to justify and defend itself along the cultural front. We must get away from devotion to an abstraction into the celebration of something which proves its worth in all phases of our life. The cause of democracy is not much aided by those who dwell upon its mistakes, real or imagined, and then end up by adding, "But nevertheless I love democracy."

We should not be patient with our failings. The proof of a public policy, like that of a pudding, is in its taste and savor. Surely democracy should be proud of all governmental efforts which make life richer and broader. The Federal Arts Projects have brought painting to communities which never realized that walls could be used for anything but insurance-company calendars. New audiences have been created for the living drama. We have at least the beginning of a New Deal in national art and literature.

Of course, we ought to go on. Surely the DAR, which rebuffed Marian Anderson, is not an organization that

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Washington Notes

Reorganization

HOSTILE OBSERVERS have tried to interpret Mr. Roosevelt's reorganization orders in terms of politics. In fact, there is hardly a drop of politics in them. The proof is that those two shrewd operators, Mr. Byrnes, spokesman for the Democratic Senate leadership, and Mr. McNary, captain of the Republican minority, greet them with unruffled smiles. Almost wholly they are an attempt to apply elementary principles of modern managerial science to the federal government. As a member of the White House circle remarked, instead of having thirteen men coming to see him, each on a single subject, the President ought to be able to see one man on thirteen subjects.

The chief criticism of the reorganization plan is its lateness. It is notorious that, since he first entered the White House, Mr. Roosevelt has been grossly overworked. In half-jest, his intimates sometimes accuse him of being partly to blame. On an astonishingly large number of governmental problems, especially those concerned with the navy and merchant marine, he is something of a specialist, and has flung away time and energy on small details. For instance, he is the chief author of the present training system for the naval militia. He has more than a layman's knowledge of architecture, and has given lavish attention to PWA blueprints. Likewise, he is an adept at railroad timetables, and delights in working out schedules for official trips. The itinerary of King George and Queen Elizabeth next June, it is understood, is chiefly his handiwork, and a job he is proud of. But along with these innocent diversions, Mr. Roosevelt's days are an unceasing grind of memoranda, reports and interviews, usually demanding thorny, unpleasant decisions.

Had a reorganization bill been enacted in the first few months of 1937, when the issue was first raised, Mr. Roosevelt's second term might have been infinitely more fruitful. From the viewpoint of liberal Congressmen, the single most disturbing aspect of the New Deal has been the difficulty they have had in obtaining access to the White House and to Mr. Roosevelt's attention. Moreover, perhaps half the indiscipline that has occurred among rank-and-file members of the Democratic Party has been due, not to controversies over principle, but to the feeling they were separated from Mr. Roosevelt by insurmountable barriers. Unless Congressmen are able to consult their party leader with reasonable ease, the party system breaks down.

As these Notes are written, Mr. Roosevelt's second reorganization order is still unpublished. But most observers think that the chief political effect of reorganization is a setback for Secretary Wallace's hope of becoming the New Deal presidential favorite. Mr. Roosevelt's first order robbed Mr. Wallace of the Bureau of Public Roads, which is transferred to the proposed Public Works Agency. According to report, the second order will rend from him the Biological Survey and the Forestry Service, both to go to the eager arms of Mr. Ickes. The Public Roads Bureau ments of each state, but reaches down to the source of political power, the boards of commissioners in each county. The Biological Survey is the agency through which the administration meets the trout fishers and duck hunters of the nation. Just now, however, it is perhaps more of a political headache than advantage, because of the unceasing attacks on it of the duck hunters' hero, Mr. J. N. ("Ding") Darling. The Forestry Service deals with the lumber industry, whose powerful Washington lobby is advised by the intelligent, far-seeing Mr. Wilson M. Compton, brother of the two great scientists, Drs. Arthur H. and Karl T. Compton.

A second political consequence of reorganization has been the defeat of those New Dealers in the SEC and Federal Reserve who were fondly hoping that Mr. Jesse Jones might at last be liquidated. Whether there was ever substance in the report that Mr. Jones's RFC, together with other federal lending agencies, was to be placed under Mr. Hopkins in the Department of Commerce, this writer does not know. But Mr. Jones's emissaries persuaded conservative Democrats in Congress to raise a great squawk against the bare possibility. When Mr. Roosevelt's first order was made public, placing the RFC in an independent agency of which Mr. Jones will apparently become chief, his friends were able to claim victory. Nevertheless, the fight between the New Dealers and Mr. Jones over credit facilities for small businesses, and for railroads and utilities, is not ended. The New Deal offensive, led by the Commerce Department, may be expected in the near future.

It needs to be emphasized that reorganization has no real significance for the great political struggle that now seems inevitable over relief policy. In themselves, Mr. Roosevelt's orders decide nothing. Under them, it would be entirely possible to hand work relief back to the states, leaving the new federal agencies with no other function than that of handing out federal grants-in-aid. Contrary to report, Senator Byrnes has not abandoned his measure to accomplish this precise end. All he has done has been temporarily to withdraw it. Its substance can still be offered in the form of bills appropriating funds for Mr. Roosevelt's proposed agencies. It is over these appropriation bills that the battle will come. On high authority, it may be said that the White House means to fight to retain federal control over work relief to the utmost of its resources. The Byrnes-Harrison-Garner Democratic faction in the Senate, with joyful backing from the Republicans, will strive for control by the states. Except for the neutrality issue, this is the hottest contest facing Congress. Old hands say that all possibility of an early adjournment is gone. We are likely to have bitter warfare lasting well into the summer.

The truth about Senator Taft's now celebrated performance at the recent Gridiron dinner seems to be that he had been unable to prepare and memorize what are technically known as remarks. Not trusting himself to speak *ad lib.*, he tried to recall a speech he had made some weeks earlier, and before many of the same listeners. As it turned out, many of them remembered it more coherently than Mr. Taft did. It was an excruciatingly painful occasion that should not be dwelt upon. The first judgment here was

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wrecked his chances for the 1940 Republican nomination. At the very least, he has fallen disastrously in the esteem of Washington correspondents. More serious, however, is the start of a presidential boom for Mr. John W. Bricker, Governor of Mr. Taft's Ohio. According to report, Mr. Bricker has already begun gathering delegates to the Republican convention. Unless he can arrange some sort of a deal with Mr. Bricker, Mr. Taft will be just one of those horses that looked well in the paddock.

Washington T. R. B.

Other People's Money

What the Coal Strike Is About

BEFORE THIS IS PRINTED the bituminous-coal strike may be merely a memory or it may be complicated by the addition of the anthracite miners to the ranks of the strikers. Whatever happens, I trust it will lose none of its pertinence.

The issue between the soft-coal operators and the miners hangs upon no essential difference between the employers and employees but almost wholly upon the determination of the grand old AFL to destroy the United Mine Workers if that is humanly possible.

That, to put it mildly, is a very sad state of affairs. The Mine Workers is an old and powerful union in an industry in which labor has been exploited in the most deplorable manner; it has fought many bloody and disastrous wars but it has also, particularly in recent years, gained great successes for its members. It has behind it its dramatic history, its martyrs, its heroes. These are elements of strength which cannot be duplicated in a year or two. Besides it has a vigorous and challenging leadership. Mr. William Green and Mr. John Frey may not like John L. Lewis personally. But it seems an appalling thing that men devoted to the cause of the worker should be willing to press an effort to weaken or destroy or divide an organized labor army so strong, so numerous and so well entrenched as the United Mine Workers.

Yet this is the case. Certainly it is the thing that John L. Lewis fears and that now conditions his thinking and leadership in the present impasse with the operators. In fact the situation now presents not so much a battle between the operators and the United Mine Workers as a hidden battle between the United Mine Workers and William Green.

The fight takes this form. Lewis has got to think of the efforts of the AFL to penetrate the mine field. Against that the only weapon he has is the closed shop or something equivalent to it. He has demanded the closed shop. In lieu of that he has been apparently willing to be content with the elimination of the penalty clause from the union contract. Under this clause a penalty of from $1 to $2 may be imposed on the union for every miner who engages in a strike during the period of the contract. Ordinarily there could be no objection to such a clause. It has been in the union contract for a long time. The object of the union contract is to produce peace in the coal fields. If there are to be strikes while there is a contract in operation the very other enemies than the employers. What recourse would the Mine Workers have against any effort in any coal district or in any mine to penetrate that area by a rival union? Lewis doubtless believes the strike would be the only weapon —a refusal of the United to work alongside of miners in a hostile union bent on the destruction of the United.

If such strikes were called, the penalties would probably bankrupt it—and the United has a history of honoring its contracts. But if the penalty clause is eliminated, then it will be to the interest of the operators to keep the hostile rival-union men out of their mines. It is upon that issue that Lewis balked. It is the shadow of the AFL which broods over the mines.

Of course the AFL is not the only foe hidden off in the bushes. There is that group of powerful industrialists who are interested, along with the AFL—their new allies—in defeating the CIO. The United Mine Workers is the backbone of the CIO and if the United could be seriously crippled that would probably be the end of the CIO. Perhaps it is too much to hope that Green and Lewis or that the CIO and the AFL should retreat in the struggle for domination of the labor movement. But at least the AFL is in a pretty bad cause when it seeks to weaken so strong and useful a union as the United Mine Workers.

A singular feature of this is the lethargy of the public in waking up to a situation so full of menace as a general coal strike, for nothing less than this has been threatened since April 1, when the existing soft-coal contract expired. This we may put down as one of the consequences of our preoccupation with war. When the strike began April 1 (Lewis called it a lockout), the fact was recorded in the most voluminous New York newspaper somewhere in the back of the paper and under a small headline. We are so busy settling the problems of the British Empire and Europe generally that we have no room left in our consciousness for such minor matters as a strike of 320,000 miners.

One other feature of the situation has had no notice at all. The President, doubtless for sound political reasons, has sought to keep out of the controversy. Apparently John L. Lewis believes that the weight of the President's influence is essential to a favorable settlement for the miners. Lewis' position is tactically a difficult one. With miners and operators agreed on wages, hours and all working conditions, Lewis might have a hard time convincing the American people that he should tie up the coal industry over what is seemingly so small a matter as the elimination of the penalty clause which the miners have always agreed to in the past. Also he might find it difficult to defend what seems like an effort of the miners to duck their responsibility under their contracts—a very sensitive point at this time. Therefore he wants the President to go into action. And he doubtless believes that the United Mine Workers has that much coming from Mr. Roosevelt. And hence it has been freely predicted that there will be no settlement of this quarrel until Mr. Roosevelt is brought into the middle of it.

However, it may be that a settlement will be effected before this gets into print. This will not affect, I take it, the outline of the shadows which have hung over the whole negotiation. It illustrates the need for some sort of settlement of the long fight between Lewis and Green.

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They're Down! They're Up!

THE WARNERS' "Confessions of a Nazi Spy" is one of the most sensational movie jobs on record, workmanlike in every respect and spang across the headlines. Its specific outline is the work of the FBI in rounding up Nazi agents here; but so thorough is its coverage that the effect is much more than one of simple crime detection: it is the most vivid, matter-of-fact, unescapable induction into Nazi principles and practices that the majority of people have ever been given outside a concentration camp.

They are smooth as silk about it, starting off without credit titles of any kind, on the words of a "news" commentator who leads directly into the action in "March of Time" fashion. The illusion is freshened from time to time by reversion to comment plus rapidly intercut news shots and animated maps. But instead of the brief, self-conscious "enactments" of the news-film type, characters here build with the story, understood and projected with the natural truth of good theatre illusion—indeed Francis Lederer's part is a thorough study of small and shifty megalomania by itself.

Scores of people come into the story, temporarily or to stay, but you find yourself not identifying them as actors at all: everyone seems carried beyond his usual attitudes either by the excitement of truth or Anatole Litvak's direction or both. Edward G. Robinson is more effective and subdued than ever and Paul Lukas has the part of his life as the rising career man in propaganda. The German-English is maintained with a wonderful absence of the usual strain after dialect; the officers, small fry, dupes and thugs natural to such a worldwide blood cult have been rounded up in a nearly flawless collection of types for every occasion. Yet in spite of this attention to character, fact and detail, the pace never lets down for a minute. They have discovered the story for a natural and let it have its head without trying for plot, romance, heroism. The result is terrific.

A little too terrific, perhaps. The film is a hate-breeder if there ever was one, and when even our playboy intellectuals are charging around proclaiming the duty to go into battle of somebody else, any aid to national hatred is dynamite. The picture is specific about the thousands of good non-Nazi German Americans, but the old human tendency to mass identification is bound to make trouble there. Also it overstresses the theme of a Nazi America and the importance of swiping military secrets for that or any other end—which is a dangerous piece of naïveté. Still and all, who's doing all this in the world, us? Did we make it up? Our people never can learn from all the talk of ideologies and political theory, or from scare-heads in The Daily Mirror, just how repulsive and impossible in a decent life this whole combination of a blood-gorge and horsefeathers actually is. This is no "Beast of Berlin," but a statement of sober inevitable facts, so brilliantly realized that no one can hide from it; it happens before his eyes.

Now, as you were. There is nothing like a good million-dollar sales campaign to make a million-dollar picture seem like an important picture. But by Thanksgiving, when reviews, page-ads and other fireworks have left the sky, Warner Brothers' "Juarez" (Juar-ez) should begin to interested in how art may be talked about even though Maximilian in Mexico is a tragic story; but they have simply made it look like a million dollars' worth of ballroom sets, regimentals, gauze shots and whiskers. The story of Benito Juarez is a national epic from a period of turbulence and desperate growth; but even when this story is not subordinate to the lachrymose affairs of the Maximilian family, it is bogged down in close-ups and two-shots and medium shots of people talking at great length. The end is quickly foreseen and forever in coming, not only in the story as a whole but in so many of its parts, especially the absurd stretches of the wife at the shrine, the offstage singer of "La Paloma," the partings, baby kissings, family groups.

It could have been a good and true picture. It announces with dignity and intelligence the principles of freedom from oppression, and Paul Muni's arraignment of nineteenth-century European diplomacy is as massive an effect of this kind as you could hope for. They stuck by history at the expense of action, happy ending and romance; and their statement of democracy v. dictatorship is better education than textbooks. (At the same time, it is primer stuff and too smug: American democracy hasn't done away with injustice and oppression, and has taken Mexico for plenty itself; and you would think the Catholic Church in Mexico was just kindly padres and scenes with soft music.)

Still, intentions are not results. Bette Davis has a good mad scene but is generally held down by sentimentality and some of the most banal dialogue-writing to be found. The cast is as long as your arm, seven of them starring players in their own right; but William Dieterle was unable to bring out their natural talent: they are all right but seem scattered effects as people, uneasy in their lines and make-up. Dieterle directed some whirling action bits and fine companies of soldiers and crowds, and his black-out of the crazy empress fluttering off into darkness will be remembered. Otherwise no, and no. As a picture it does not move in any sense of the word: it's a road-company Passion Play.

Paul Muni dominates a scene when he is given one, with force and dignity. But Juarez and the story of his country, in all that two hours of spectacle, seem to play hardly more than background music for the sweet and slow sorrows of Mr. Brian Aherne's Maximilian, his court, his family and honor-bright helplessness, his dignity and facial hair-do—a sort of interminable bath in sesame and warm molasses.

The Warners' publicity department has "Juarez" billed as the film showing "how great the screen can be"; a few doors down Broadway the Warners' "Confessions of a Nazi Spy" is being run as a topical shocker. And just recently a little comedy piece passed through unobtrusively—though no one concerned with screen art could miss the beautiful assurance in the form with which its old statements, clichés of situation and attitude were lifted almost beyond recognition by a morning freshness of eye for each small thing around, and a way of expression as natural as singing in the shower. The movie (RKO) was "Love Affair," still on view.

With Donald Ogden Stewart on the script, Charles Boyer and Irene Dunne for principals, Leo McCarey managed a happy command both of the complexities of his job and of the absurd, homely, garish and touching things in ordinary life. The plot isn't worth recitation and so those

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form already achieved in pictures, and over what the screen can be, will like to follow this demonstration of the qualities of technique and imagination the films must always have and keep on recruiting to their service.

OTIS FERGUSON

The Bandwagon

The national motto, "Pravda Vitezi" [Truth Prevails], in flowers on the Huss Memorial here, was today removed on the advice of the Czech police, who considered it a provocation on Chancellor Adolf Hitler's fiftieth birthday. – *A dispatch from Prague in The New York Times.*

Lord Ponsonby . . . pleaded for a continuance of the policy of appeasement, which, he said, "should not be abandoned just because it has failed." – *A dispatch from London by Robert Post in The New York Times.*

Parents should wholeheartedly coöperate with the medical and dental professions in their efforts toward preventive medicine and preventive dentistry, and thus build a stronger, more virulent humanity for posterity. – *From The Newtown, Conn., Bee.*

A Bit of a Puzzle, What?

On Good Friday, Count Ciano had told Lord Perth in reply to his representations that the Italian government fully intended to respect the independence and integrity of Albania. On Easter Sunday, Lord Perth saw the Italian Foreign Minister again and informed him that although the British government had taken note of these assurances . . . it found it equally difficult to understand or reconcile the landing of Italians on the Albanian coast with the integrity of Albanian frontiers. – *From The Hamilton, Bermuda, Royal Gazette and Colonist Daily.*

Even Sober We Love Her

Wine and Liquor Retailer strongly urges that package stores MAKE NO TIEUP WHATSOEVER linking liquor with the sentiment associated with Mother. – *From the trade magazine of the wine and liquor retailers.*

Tiny-Afterthought Department

Now and then somebody asks why we publish the editorials of The New York Daily News in this column. Answer:

Because they are always interesting, well written, and express a thought with which we agree. The owner and publisher of The Washington Times-Herald is also a part owner of The News. – *An editors' note in The Washington Times-Herald.*

Our readers are invited to contribute to this column and $1 will be paid for each item used. Address The Bandwagon, care of The New Republic. Please enclose the original clipping. – THE EDITORS

Correspondence

What War Can Do to Wall Street

SIR: Not $7,000,000,000 but rather nearer $2,000,000,000 is the value of foreign-held American securities likely to be sold under the wartime pressure with harmful market effects. Furthermore, that makes no allowance for foreigners who would rather hang on to their shares of General Motors or U. S. Steel than to convert them into an uncertain European currency.

Until estimates for the end of 1938 are published by the Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce any figure on foreign investments in American marketable securities must be a rough approximation. The $2,000,000,000 figure represents the total value of common stocks, preferred stocks and bonds held by foreigners as of December 31, 1937, plus net additions during 1938, minus a guess for holdings by Canadians and other non-Europeans, who would presumably be under no more selling pressure than domestic residents. It includes both listed and unlisted securities but does not include either short-term investments (mostly bank balances), which could be spared with little market effect, or direct and "other" investments, which are not readily salable.

European holdings represent probably somewhat more than two percent of total shares of common stock outstanding in the United States and less than two percent in the case of preferred stock. Are these dangerous proportions? Perhaps so; but there can be no certainty until a careful study is made. In the absence of such a study, it is premature to advocate a government control agency to prevent "a disastrous market break" and other undesirable effects from the liquidation of securities. At any rate let's not point to gross foreign investments in the United States of $7,000,000,000 as cause for alarm.

Washington, D. C. JOHN S. DE BEERS

[Our correspondent overlooks the following facts. Foreign-owned securities and balances in this country in 1936 were more than $7,600,000,000 and since then have increased. Of those, subjects of Great Britain and citizens of Canada owned about 52.9 percent, and Frenchmen owned 5.2 percent. Canada would probably enter a war in which Britain was engaged. Nationals of belligerent countries would not be given their choice as to whether to hold or sell; their cash resources in this country would be "mobilized" by their governments. If the Netherlands and Switzerland were involved, 16.2 percent and 8 percent of the foreign-owned capital would be added to the above. The problem is one, not merely of avoiding stock-market dislocation, but of rationing the use of this purchasing power to avoid an unhealthy war boom. – THE EDITORS]

Hitler, Napoleon and the Ukraine

SIR: In her illuminating article, "Europe's Explosive Minorities" [The New Republic, April 12], Miss Vera Micheles Dean made this statement: "In 1812 Napoleon, like Hitler, hoped to use a disaffected Ukraine to bring about the downfall of Russia." This interests me greatly as I have never before run across the claim that in his march against Russia, Napoleon

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However, George Vernadsky, in his "Political and Diplomatic History of Russia," when writing of Napoleon's invasion of Russia, does say: ". . . Napoleon had also the alternative of directing his blow at Kiev, instead of Moscow, in order to play on Ukrainian nationalism, as the Swedes had tried to a century before him, and as the Germans were to try a century after. The French Ministry of Foreign Affairs had been interested in the Ukrainian problem since 1807 and memoirs presented to Napoleon recommended the reconstruction of 'the Cossack Nation.'"

Now, while Vernadsky tells us that the Ukrainian question was broached to Napoleon by some of his ministers, he does not say that Napoleon made any attempt to win its favor in his behalf. As we know, Napoleon advanced on and was defeated in Moscow, practically if not actually. Vernadsky further states: "The only alternative now left him was to start a peasant revolution. He did not want to try that or did not know how."

Elmhurst, N. Y. STELLA KOSYK HORBAYCHUK

SIR: I do not think that my statement that "in 1812 Napoleon, like Hitler, hoped to use a disaffected Ukraine to bring about the downfall of Russia," conflicts with the quoted statement from Vernadsky. I said he *hoped* to use Ukrainian disaffection for his purposes, not that he actually *created* it. This point is discussed by René Martel, French authority on Eastern Europe, in an article published by the Centre d'Etudes de Politique Etrangère of Paris (corresponding to the Royal Institute of International Affairs) in its monthly review, Politique Etrangère, for December, 1938. In this article M. Martel makes the following statement:

What did Napoleon do? He did not merely have armed force at his disposal. He dreamt of disrupting the internal framework of Russia, made vulnerable by its backward social regime and the heterogeneity of its ethnical composition. He declared himself in the Senate (Moniteur Officiel, December 21, 1812) "that he could have created an insurrection in the greater part of Russia by proclaiming the liberation of the serfs." As for the Ukraine, Napoleon wanted to make of it an independent state whose political regime he was to determine, and which would have comprised practically all the territories of contemporary Soviet Russia.

"This state," declares d'Hauterive, inspired by Talleyrand, "would constitute one of the strongest barriers to the ambitious projects of Russia and to its claims to the Black Sea and the Bosporus. . . . Thrown back forever from the Black Sea, Russia would then be forced to renounce all its ill digested plans of conquest, of invasion, of usurpation of all kinds."

Politics was not alone in question. In the plans of Napoleon the Ukraine was to serve as source of supply and as customer of France. She was to sell France its wheat, its oil, its leather, its horses, and to purchase from France its manufactured goods and its wines. And all our ministers of foreign affairs had dreamt, in the eighteenth century, of intensifying French commerce in the Black Sea by seeking outlets in the Ukraine.

New York City VERA MICHELES DEAN

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Bring Them Home from Spain!

SIR: As I write this my brother and ten other American men are still waiting for the final word which will mean their release from the Franco prison camp, San Pedro de Cardenas, Burgos, after one long year of incarceration and suffering. When these men reach the French border, a minimum of $200 per man is needed to clothe, doctor, feed, and then return them to their homes here. Through your columns I wish to appeal to your readers to aid in this drive.

Appeal, however, is not the word. I know that many of your readers feel, in the main, as my brother and his fellows did—that fascism means death to civilization as we know it and live it in America, that the march of madness across Europe and the world has to be stopped.

These men tried. And we owe this to our beliefs, to the very things we live by—that they shall be returned to their families and homes in America. That they were defeated is the great tragedy of our time. But Spain's heroic fight—and the fight of these American men who went to Spain's aid—can only command respect and admiration and serve to inspire mankind to better things.

Ironically, these Americans are now, or will be when they reach the border, in much the same position as refugees. About two hundred Americans are waiting in France for us to bring them home; some are still in concentration camps. Our State Department will not aid financially in their repatriation. So you see, appeal somehow is not the word for what I am saying. Above all, we relatives want our boys home again, but many of us cannot help feeling that their fight was just and exigent—and appeal is not the word. Perhaps duty. Send all funds to Friends of the Abraham Lincoln Brigade, 125 West Forty-fifth Street, New York City.

New York City FRANCES TENOR

From The New Republic Mail Bag

Dr. Charles E. Parsons of Belmont, Massachusetts, says the lack of leadership, not only in England but in all Europe, is easily explained. "An entire generation or more was wiped out by death and casualty twenty to twenty-five years ago. . . . Those who pose as leaders today . . . are the best of the leftovers." . . . John C. Cort of Spuyten Duyvil, New York, is refreshed by Heywood Broun's "naïveté" about communism. . . . Headley Bailey of Corona, Long Island, thinks that America would lose precious little were England displaced as the world's land-grabber and treaty-breaker Number One.

Thomas Wright, national director of New America, Chicago, sends us two copies of the attractive quarterly the organization publishes, "Social Change, Its Analysis and Control." . . . Mrs. Helen Gordon of the American League for Peace and Democracy, Chicago, asks us to announce that her organization is broadcasting replies to the speeches of Father Coughlin half an hour after he finishes talking. The League uses the Father's own outlet, station WHIP, and the speakers so far have included Dr. James Luther Adams of Meadville Theological Seminary, Dr. Arthur Falls of The Catholic Worker and Judge John Gutknecht, president of the National Lawyers' Guild. . . . C. K. Chilberg of Portland, Oregon, who thinks The New Republic ought to talk more about Veblen, has words of high praise for John T. Flynn's "Sense About Social Security"

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Two Orders of Knowledge?

EVEN IF I WERE ABLE to judge the labors of Professor Patterson and his collaborators in the monumental edition of the works of John Milton, I should have to seek another occasion; a journal of critical opinion is not the place for an appraisal of technical scholarship. In every feature of book-making the Columbia Milton excels; no other English poet, not even Shakespeare, is accessible to us in so handsome an edition. The work of the editors is now complete; we have before us volumes eight to eighteen,[1] the last being the uncollected writings and the doubtful prose and verse fragments that have been attributed to Milton.

Good scholarship and fine book-making are no doubt ends in themselves, if they are not conceived to be the sole ends. The Columbia Milton ought to stimulate Milton studies for another generation at least, and that will be its practical justification. The kind of studies that we shall get no one can predict, yet one may hope that after a generation we shall know a great deal more about Milton's prose than we know now; and perhaps inquiry into that will teach us more about the nature of prose style generally, and about its differences from poetic style, than anybody has ever known. This, doubtless, is the perennial hope of criticism—to know more: a hope perpetually achieved and defeated, when the knowledge of one generation becomes useless to the next; for in criticism there is none of the "progress" of accumulated knowledge that we enjoy from science. I mean here by "knowledge" the understanding of styles and forms. The Columbia Milton itself witnesses the achievement of indispensable and permanent knowledge of a semi-scientific kind: the reconstruction of the texts of Milton; yet even the perfect text will not relieve criticism of the burden of having to begin at intervals all over again.

One question that doubtless ought to occupy students of Milton, and of English prose style generally, is the meaning of a difference of order between the poetry of Milton and the prose; a difference not only of external structure of ideas, but also of *ordonnance* and of lucidity of statement itself. Even the great passages of the "Areopagitica" tend to be isolated units, with less progressive structure than the verse paragraphs of "Paradise Lost." And within the prose unit, as Mr. Herbert Read has shown in his "English Prose Style," the logical structure is either weak or concealed, the principle of development being a sort of fugal rhythm that billows to its resolution at the end of the paragraph or group of paragraphs.

> How goodly, and how to be wisht were such an obedient unanimity as this, what a fine conformity it would starch us all into? doubtless a stanch and solid peece of framework, as any January could freeze together. These are the fruits which a dull ease and cessation of our knowledge will bring forth among the people. What need they torture their heads with that which others have taken so strictly, and so unalterably into their own pourveying? There be delights, there be recreations, and jolly pastimes that will fetch the day about from sun to sun, and rock the tedious year as in a delightful dream. Another sort there be who when they hear that all things shall be order'd, all things regulated and setl'd; nothing writt'n but what passes through the custom-house of certain Publicans that have the tunaging and poundaging of all spok'n truth, will strait give themselves up into your hands, mak'em and cut'em out what religion ye please.

It is a bad paragraph but it is bad because it has no rhythm; there is not much of the "idea" lost in reversing the order of the sentences, as I have done here, and reading the passage backwards. Read even in the original order, it is not a great piece of prose; it is far below the best things in the "Areopagitica"; yet it exhibits Milton's unfailing power with massive rhythmical effects and his gift for uniting in a final image ideas that have little logical coherence. By making "as any January could freeze together" the last clause of the first sentence, I have ruined its proper effect, both as image and as rhythm; in its right place at the end of the paragraph, it resolves the inchoate rhythm by stating it directly, at the same time fixing the "meaning" in a single image.

I have undertaken this brief experiment with a piece of Milton's prose in order to observe that it could not be performed upon any of a great many passages in "Paradise Lost" that I have examined for the purpose. There is no space to demonstrate the hesitant conclusions that this failure appears to justify. Yet there can be no doubt that the poetic order in Milton is more severe, more organic with respect to the simultaneous development of rhythm, imagery and logical structure, than the prose order of any of his works. I am not supposing that any critic has ever believed that Milton's poetry, even in brief samples, could be read backwards, as I am sure that, without much loss of explicit or denotative meaning, a great deal of the prose can. The question is the significance of this difference of order: I would suggest that unless the new logical positivists would allow validity to Milton's poetic order, then his prose, far from being valid for the positivists, is mere nonsense. A prose so weak in controlled reference and denotation that it may be read either forwards or backwards (I do not say that all of Milton's prose can be so read) has less validity than a poetry which within the given "frame of reference" is controlled and coherent. Does this difference of control mean that there is a fundamental difference between the poetic and prose orders, and that Milton was adept at the poetic and deficient in the prose?

Involved in that question there are even historical problems for the more philosophical scholars; but again I suggest that unless a harder problem comes first, the historical issues are going to make less sense all the time in a world dominated by the sociological and positivistic "procedures." The harder problem is: Does poetry give us a special kind of knowledge or is it, as Mr. Richards has persuaded almost everybody, merely an inferior kind of science which is somehow more useful than science? Mr. Richards, having bitten off his nose to spite his face, has preserved the nose in a jar. But the new positivists are tougher: they give the nose to the anatomy class. I am only saying that the Columbia Milton witnesses a belief that there is still poetry. Perhaps [illegible]

[1] The Columbia Milton, Vols. VIII-XVIII, edited by Frank Allen Patterson. New York: The Columbia University Press. Eighteen volumes in twenty-one books. Lib[illegible]

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Books in Review

Wang Lung's Children

When "THE PATRIOT" was published this spring, I went back to read the earlier novels by Pearl Buck that compose the "Good Earth" trilogy.[1] They bear an interesting relationship to her latest work and occupy a curious place in American criticism.

Although "The Good Earth" was among the most popular books of the 1930's—ranking just after "Gone with the Wind" and "Anthony Adverse"—and although it has received more prizes and official honors than any other novel in our history, still there are literary circles in which it continues to be jeered at or neglected. It didn't succeed in the fashion that critics regard as orthodox. They like to think that a really good novelist is discovered by those younger critics who act as scouts for the rest, and that afterwards his reputation spreads from this center in widening rings until it reaches the general public. Hemingway, Faulkner, Wolfe, Steinbeck all succeeded by this formula, but Miss Buck turned it inside out: she was discovered by the public at large while the literary scouts were looking the other way. I know that "The Good Earth" was extravagantly praised by pundits like William Lyon Phelps, but the effect in serious literary circles was merely to clinch the case against her.

On reading "The Good Earth" after all these years, I found that Mr. Phelps was right for once, and the highbrow critics mistaken. Mr. Phelps was the first, I think, to call the book a masterpiece. It is the story of Wang Lung, a poor farmer who becomes a wealthy landlord, but it is also a parable of the life of man, in his relation to the soil that sustains him. The plot, deliberately commonplace, is given a sort of legendary weight and dignity by being placed in an unfamiliar setting. The biblical style is appropriate to the subject and the characters. If we define a masterpiece as a novel that is living, complete, sustained, but still somewhat limited in its scope as compared with the greatest works of fiction—if we define it as "Wuthering Heights" rather than "War and Peace"—then Mr. Phelps has found exactly the word for "The Good Earth."

But it wasn't intended to stand alone. "When this trilogy began to shape itself," Miss Buck wrote some years later in a foreword, "it began, not as a single book, 'The Good Earth,' but as the entire span of a Chinese family rising, as nearly all great families do, out of the earth. The story told in the first book was not the story of a farmer but a man . . . who used the land as a foundation upon which to build a family. Nothing in Chinese life, and indeed in human life, is more significant than this rise and fall of families." In other words, Miss Buck planned to write three novels that would fit together and become a sort of Chinese "Buddenbrooks."

"Sons," the second novel, is a long step toward achieving this purpose. Considered by itself, I'm not sure that it isn't even better than "The Good Earth." It deals with the three sons of Wang Lung—the first is a landlord and the second a merchant—but chiefly it deals with the third son, who becomes a warlord. Once again the plot falls into a legendary pattern, since the career of Wang the Tiger is based on one of the oldest and most exciting stories in Chinese folklore, that of the Good Bandit. But the novel is also historical, since it describes events that are typical of Chinese life from 1900 to 1926. Thus, the legend comes face to face with modern life: Wang the Tiger is defied and morally defeated by his own son, who represents the new spirit of China. Besides this drama, the book has a quality that one doesn't associate with Pearl Buck—a rather earthy humor, most of it rising from the contrast between the traditional place of Chinese women—who are supposed to be household slaves—and the real power that they exercise over their lazy and self-indulgent husbands.

But "A House Divided" is a different story. It doesn't matter whether you judge it by itself or by what it contributes to the trilogy; in either case it is surprisingly inferior. On a second reading, I wasn't far from thinking it was the worst book ever written by a competent novelist.

Its most obvious weakness is its style. In the course of the three novels, Miss Buck has changed her setting from past to present, from an old walled city to modern Shanghai; there is even a long interlude that carries her youngest hero to an American university. Meanwhile her style has remained the same; if anything, her mannerisms out of the King James Version have become exaggerated. They seemed appropriate to Wang the Farmer and even Wang the Tiger, both figures in a legend; but they are out of place in the Shanghai drawing room of Wang the Landlord. "The chairs," she says, "were all alike, red, very deep and soft to sit upon, and there were little tables of fine black carven wood set about here and there, and the very spittoons were not of a common sort, but were covered with bright blue painted birds and gold flowers." Of course Miss Buck intended her blue-and-gold spittoons to be funny, but not in this manner suggesting the biblical parodies that used to be popular in college papers.

And the plot of "A House Divided" is essentially even weaker than its style. Miss Buck has always had trouble constructing a novel that deals with contemporary material, partly because of her strong sense of fidelity to the events that actually happened; she refuses to rearrange them into a harmonious pattern. Her best books have been parables or legends. But even a writer used to inventing plots would have been baffled by the problem she set herself in "A House Divided." She explains in the foreword from which I have quoted that she wanted to trace the original vigor of Wang Lung as it reappeared in his descendants. "That vigor, first found in one figure, is dissipated, as time goes on, into many sons and many places. In 'A House Divided' the vigor seems quite scattered." But how could anybody

1 The Patriot, by Pearl Buck. New York: The John Day Company. $2.50.

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the Wangs are not really a house divided, a house whose conflicts are dramatic. They are merely a properous Chinese family drifting on the stream of events. The result is that Chinese history becomes the real plot of the story. In the early 1930's, this was a plot that did not point toward any definite conclusion. The foreword tells us that "China is living both in the past and in the present, in ages medieval and modern. . . . Perhaps a great revolution will some day arise which will destroy one or the other, or force them into union. But that is a long way off and as yet they are not united. So the last book must end"—and notice the "must" that shows Miss Buck's almost puritanical respect for facts—"with nothing sure and nothing known." The truth is that her trilogy does not end at all. It declines into mere scaffolding, then stops in the middle like a great unfinished bridge.

When an author has written an unsuccessful book, it sometimes happens that he goes back to the same subject, either deliberately or else out of the craftsman's instinct for finishing a job. I can't be sure that this is true of Pearl Buck, yet her latest novel, "The Patriot," is based on the same material as "A House Divided." In both books the hero is a wavering and rather sexless Chinese liberal, with hardly anything but the names to distinguish Wang Yuan from Wu I-wan—two names that are easy to forget. In both books the hero has a Communist friend and the friend is portrayed distrustfully. Both heroes get involved in the great Shanghai conspiracy of 1927 and go abroad to escape being executed. The result is that both books are divided into three sections, beginning in China and ending there after a long foreign interlude.

From the very first, "The Patriot" seems a better novel, partly because Miss Buck is now writing modern prose, with extreme simplicity as its only mannerism, but also because of a greater subtlety and detachment in handling her material. The Wu family seems to belong in Shanghai—unlike the Wangs—and the political background is more credible. The second part of the novel, which passes in Japan, is an even greater improvement over "A House Divided." Miss Buck does something here that very few Western novelists would even attempt: she describes the impressions of a Chinese visitor to Japan and his courtship of a Japanese woman. Without being able to pass on the ultimate truth of her picture, I found it altogether convincing.

But the third section of "The Patriot" is the one that really overcomes the weakness of the "Good Earth" trilogy. Wu I-wan has married his Japanese sweetheart, after a tender and sometimes comic love affair that is also a study in contrasting folkways. He has planned to spend the rest of his life in a little house overlooking Nagasaki Harbor. But the war has made him realize—too slowly, I think, for the pace of the novel—that his place is in China. Sent on a mission to the front, he finds his Communist friend, now commanding a division in the Eighth Route Army, and enlists with him as a guerilla. Now the novel begins to sweep forward. Wu I-wan is planning, fighting, saving prisoners from torture, while the old China is dying before his eyes and another China is being born. Suddenly you remember what Miss Buck had said in her 1935 foreword: "Perhaps a great revolution will some day arise which will the revolution has come, sooner than she expected, and history has written the climax to her trilogy.

I hope she decides to revise it. "A House Divided" is a failure that ought to be destroyed. In its place, Miss Buck should put "The Patriot"; she would have to change the names of the characters and their family trees, but not much else. For the real end of her story is not poor Wang Yuan, standing outside the earthen house where his grandfather was born and feeling that he must always waver between the old and the new. The real end of it is the scene where Wu I-wan, the wavering liberal transformed into a soldier, stands before his general and hears the plans for a new China defended by mountains and facing southward by the Burma Road.

MALCOLM COWLEY

Close-up of Mexico

Mexico Marches, by J. H. Plenn. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. 386 pages. $3.

HERE IS A BOOK about the real Mexico, the Mexico that the modern man (if he is not an esthete fleeing from problems and frustration in search of dignified postures) will encounter when he crosses the Rio Grande. It is vivid, in spite of its too earnest attempt to be vivid, and it is accurate. Mr. Plenn attempts a romantic style, complete with sound effects and angles, but his essential view is not romantic. He will, for instance, in describing a day in the life of President Cárdenas, tell us that "by eight-thirty he will be wiping his abundant lips and neatly trimmed, thick mustache, after an ample breakfast of fruit, eggs, oatmeal, milk and rolls." The President makes a grand subject for biography, for in the encounter he impresses one as being among the great figures of this age, and Mr. Plenn gives a lot of information about him; but after all Lázaro Cárdenas has only two quite normal lips. The pneumatic drills of the Mexican housing boom also make the objectionable noise of "boom-ps, boom-ps," and one thing is apt to knock the hell out of another; and in the first chapter an imitation of the earlier Dos Passos may unfortunately put off the unpersistent reader. Unfortunately, because for all its detestable style this is one of the best books on contemporary Mexico.

Mr. Plenn's plan is sensible and has the right angle. He begins with the petroleum question—instead of with Cortez or the Pyramids of Teotihuacan—and of this he gives a popular account, without juristic subtleties, but with the right emphasis on the growth of national sentiment and on simple economic realities. He then works out and around to a study of all the factors that affect the national life of today. A section on Caciquismo, or the still lingering boss rule, is essential to an understanding of Mexico. There is a good account of Cedillo, the corrupt roué who would have saved the Church and his foreign masters' hold on the oil fields. Nor does he neglect the priest-baiting Lord of Tabasco, Garrido, the trump card of Catholic propagandists.

It is in the chapter on the Land Reform that Mr. Plenn shows his many merits and his few demerits. He does not derive his knowledge wholly from statistics, official or non-official (the latter are always counter-official in Mexico), nor from newspapers; a great deal of it was learned at first hand. Mr. Plenn is aware of all the diff[illegible]

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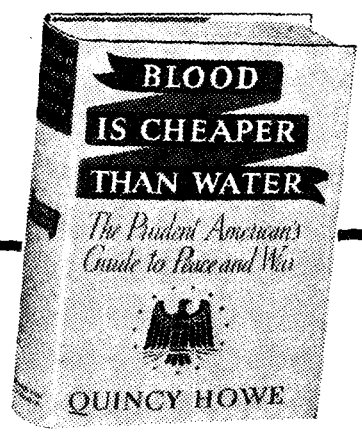
knows about the crop-burning Cristeros and the peasant-slaughtering White Guards. He has heard a great deal about wire-pulling politicos who cheat the Indians and nullify the existing law; he is aware that there are agronomists who sabotage, and peasants who default in their labor. He records all this, and the arguments against and for the Reform. He is fairer than both the rash optimists and the stubborn pessimists. But still he does not really assess the Reform, much less make any profound criticism of it. There is no analysis of the proportion of good to bad lands given to the peasantry. There is no definite awareness that the present Reform will never break up the great estates quickly enough, nor does Mr. Plenn clearly see the danger of parcelization. The problem of giving a new morale to the peasantry he understands, as also the question of credit; but that is not enough.

What the Mexican government has done for public education—and it is a great deal—one can learn from this book. There is no problem, indeed, about which Mr. Plenn does not provide useful knowledge. Very conveniently he supplies necessary information about the Mexican press, which is for the most part venal beyond even the dreams of Hearst. Mr. Plenn is not a gullible person. His statistics are obtained by striking a balance between the governmental and anti-governmental figures. In sum, this is a sensible, highly informed book about the country Mexicans live in and about which they argue endlessly. It is the Mexicans, who know their country far better than The New York Times or The New York Herald Tribune, whom one hears in debate. It is a very useful book, but still not the book one is waiting for.

RALPH BATES



"In his 'England Expects Every American To Do His Duty', Quincy Howe wrote the 'must' book on foreign affairs for 1937. In his *Blood is Cheaper Than Water*, he has turned the trick again in 1939. It is a masterpiece of ironical analysis. It disrobes the 'Common Front Boys' in the full gaze of the public. Those who wish to keep us out of the next world shambles should get out and get under this book."

—Dr. Harry Elmer Barnes.

BLOOD IS CHEAPER THAN WATER

The Prudent American's Guide to Peace and War

by Quincy Howe

Whose Cities?

Five Cities, by George R. Leighton. New York: Harper and Brothers. 380 pages. $3.50.

THIS IS a compact and consistently interesting study of Shenandoah, Louisville, Birmingham, Omaha and Seattle. In relation to anything else in its field it is an outstanding piece of work, soberly critical and yet exciting in a simple journalistic sense, providing insight into native environments and dramatizing local conflicts in a fashion that has scarcely been attempted since Steffens gave a new slant on American ways in "The Shame of the Cities." It has, of course, nothing in common with staple community histories, the guide books and gift books and plush volumes on patrician Boston, picturesque San Francisco, dreamy Charleston and pretty old Santa Fé, whose chief message to the world is that legends of doubtful veracity and anecdotes unquestionably false, crowd our historic past. It is too dynamic and, in a sense, too harried, to be considered with a sociological study like "Middletown"; too highly organized and controversial to be placed with the cheerful miscellanies of the Writers' Project, for which, nevertheless, it might provide a model. Mr. Leighton has none of the crusading spirit that inspired the muckrakers, but his book, like theirs, draws the curtain on some new stage-setting for American drama: Stief's Cut Rate Drug and Quick Lunch in Shenandoah; the Galt House in Louisville; the Butler Hotel and the Providence Hospital (renamed Hotel de Gink) in Seattle; Waddell and Mahon's strikebreaking firm in New York where part of Omaha's history was made.

But to evoke the muckrakers in connection with "Five Cities" calls attention to the vast difference between Mr. Leighton's approach and theirs. When Steffens investigated Saint Louis or Minneapolis there was a center to community life around which an inquiry could range—the city hall. Behind that usually grimy façade there were various rabbit warrens and hideouts, third-ward clubs, billiard parlors, whorehouses and saloons, where more momentous political decisions were made; and the whole effort of the muckrakers was directed toward exposing these spots on the assumption that a new kind of civic government could function without them. Underlying this assumption was the positive conviction that honest men could replace a government of private gain and civic irresponsibility with one embracing an integrated program—negative in its destruction of the traditional mechanics of American political control, positive in its concept of town-planning. It gave direction to their research, passion to their writing, anger against the individuals they exposed.

Where are the centers of the cities that Mr. Leighton examines? The city hall is, except for the leading newspaper office, the last place on earth a journalist can go if he wants to find out what is actually happening in an American town. And what good does it do if you do establish connections between the town boss and the street-railway company—or, as does Mr. Leighton in his chapter on Omaha, between a race riot apparently spontaneous and the distress of a local political machine? Life seems to be steered from some far point; the bribes, swindles, scandals

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merely a few in a vast welter of such conspiracies. The collieries of Shenandoah are shut down, and the war between the president of the Reading Railroad and the United Mine Workers is dwarfed by the struggle for survival of the whole anthracite industry; Louisville is a "museum piece" on so vast a scale that the fights over the Louisville and Nashville are small in relation to it. Mr. Leighton begins with a point that the muckrakers never faced—that it might not make much difference who ran the cities, that it was the fate of the coal industry in Shenandoah, steel in Birmingham, the railroads and packing industry in Omaha, lumber in Seattle, that ran the future and determined the ways of life.

He has no program to replace their zeal. As a result, "Five Cities" is wavering and an undercurrent of hopelessness runs through it. It shows in his choice of cities: Shenandoah is dead, Birmingham is stagnant, Omaha is decaying, and only Seattle shows a somewhat quaint and dated civic aggressiveness. But in this case a loss for politics is journalism's gain. A line, a theory, a conviction may give direction to a work; lacking one, or holding one unclearly, a writer tends to turn over his material more closely, finding journalistic liveliness in it. The muckrakers, when their facts ran thin, tended to lean back on their morals and coast. Mr. Leighton tells a dozen old stories and adds something new to each; he tells a hundred new ones in the course of trying to find a pattern to fit them together.

ROBERT CANTWELL

Primer of Philosophy

What Is Philosophy? A Marxist Introduction, by Howard Selsam. New York: International Publishers. 192 pages. $1.75.

DR. HOWARD SELSAM, of Brooklyn College, has written a short introduction to Marxist philosophy. His purpose is not "to bring philosophy down to earth, but to show that it has always been there." In five sections, he deals with the historical development of his subject, with the conflicts between idealism and materialism, with permanence and change, with the relation of Marxism to science and, finally, with the role of freedom in attaining the good life.

The volume has both the good and bad features of a primer. It is written in a lively manner, and many homely but good examples are used to illustrate the major point that philosophy has its feet on the ground. The best thing in the book is the author's fresh presentation of the interrelationship of means and ends, concerning which there is so much discussion in liberal circles today. But there are many oversimplifications, most of which are erroneous, such as the attempt to portray the development of science *solely* in terms of immediate practical needs.

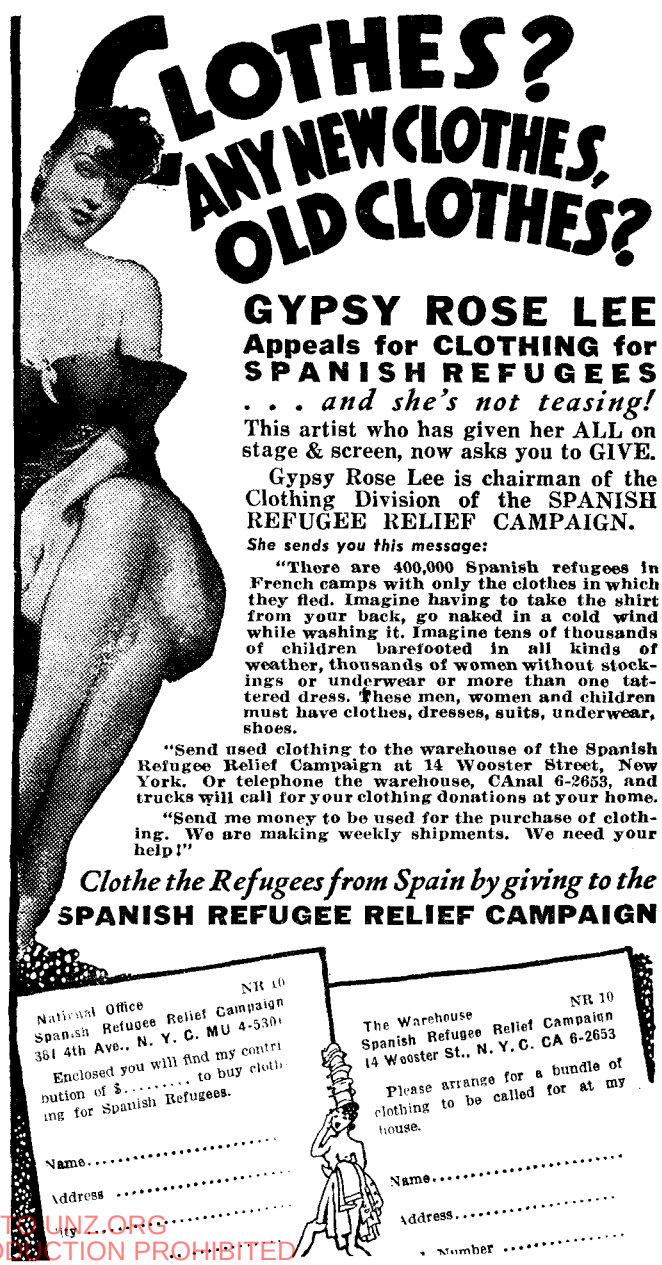
The scope of the book is far too big, because of the professional interests of the author. It still seems to be the rule that non-professionals, in the technical sense, write better handbooks of philosophy than professionals. Their knowledge of a major science, to cite an example, tends to enable them to deal illuminatingly with a definite set of problems. Perhaps that is why men like H. Levy and J. B. S. Haldane have written such able introductions [illegible]

New Books: A Reader's List

WALL STREET UNDER OATH, by Ferdinand Pecora (Simon and Schuster, $2.50). Malodorous practices and chicanery in high financial places as disclosed by the investigation of some years back, during which Judge Pecora served brilliantly as counsel for the Senate committee.

FIGHTING FOR LIFE, by S. Josephine Baker, M.D. (Macmillan, $2.75). Recollections of the first director of the New York City Bureau of Child Hygiene, who was also first to act on the idea that preventive medicine in child care is a governmental function. Not an American woman doctor's Odyssey, but full of stories that are always shrewd and often salty.

NINETY TIMES GUILTY, by Hickman Powell (Harcourt, Brace, $2.50). A sober and thorough survey of the prostitution racket that "Lucky" Luciano cleaned up on and Thomas E. Dewey partly cleaned up. Mr. Powell offers a backstage view of the trials that convicted Luciano, plus illuminating sidelights on most of the characters involved, from the girls to the big-time gangsters.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Address.....
City.....
The Warehouse NR 10
Spanish Refugee Relief Campaign
14 Wooster St., N. Y. C. CA 6-2653
Please arrange for a bundle of clothing to be called for at my house.
Name.....
Address.....
Number.....

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POLITICAL THOUGHT, by J. P. Mayer and others (Viking, $4). From Athenian democracy to the New Deal. A study of the decisive cultural and philosophical forces that form the pattern called "European tradition," and are interwoven with the political ideology behind the Roosevelt reforms.

DATELINE: EUROPE, by Leonard Q. Ross (Harcourt, Brace, $2). The founder of Hyman Kaplan & Co. proves that his touch works as smoothly on light fiction as on boners in adult education. An amiably giddy story about a foreign correspondent, two girls and hell popping in the Balkans: the usual triangle, with plenty of unusual angles and a base of jaunty wisecracks.

SONG OF THE VALLEY, by Sholem Asch, translated by Elsa Krauch (Putnam's, $2). A rather idealized, moving novel about Jewish pioneers in Palestine. They're up against swampland and Bedouin neighbors, but manage to get a settlement under way for all that. Mr. Asch is deeply sincere about his theme, but puts less weight behind it than you would expect from the author of "Three Cities."

MURDER IN STAINED GLASS, by Margaret Armstrong (Random House, $2). A murder mystery by the author of "Fanny Kemble," in which a jarring patch of red in a rose window for St. John the Divine points to the criminal, and the reader learns some details of an old art.

ANGRY MAN'S TALE, by Peter de Polnay (Knopf, $2.50). A novel written mostly in the first person, about an English neurotic who goes to pieces trying to forget his infatuation for a greedy, vulgar girl. Although the story is laid in pre-war Majorca, the background, like the neurotic's love life, is curiously bare. Talent wasted on an unimportant theme.

Contributors

MAX LERNER, formerly an editor of The Nation, is professor of Political Science at Williams College, and author of "It Is Later Than You Think." A new book of his essays, "Ideas Are Weapons," will be published this summer.

FRANK C. HANIGHEN, co-author of "Merchants of Death," has been traveling extensively in Europe.

PEADAR O'DONNELL was a member of the executive of the Irish Republican Army from 1922 to 1934. He is a member of the Irish Academy of Letters. His books include "The Way It Was with Them," a choice of the Catholic Book-of-the-Month Club.

WARREN C. HUDDLESTONE has contributed to Anvil, Manuscript, The New Masses and a number of "little magazines." He is at present active in the trade-union movement in Indianapolis, Indiana.

TOM BOGGS is the author of several books, including "Lyrics in Brief" and "51 Neglected Lyrics." His work has appeared in various magazines.

ALLEN TATE has published several books of poetry and criticism, including "Selected Poems" (1937) and "Reactionary Essays." His novel, "The Fathers," was published last fall by Putnam's.

RALPH BATES, an English novelist who fought in the Spanish Republican Army, recently published a book of short stories, "Sirocco." He has returned to New York City after several months in Mexico.

ROBERT CANTWELL, author of "Laugh and Lie Down" and "The Land of Plenty," is completing a new novel. He is on the staff of Time.

DAVID RAMSEY is a contributing editor of Science and Society and writes on scientific subjects for various magazines.

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MRS. FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT over WABC, 10:45, Thurs. Eve., May 4th, on "Pioneer Youth & the Unions." 15th Anniversary Celebration, Pioneer Youth Camp, 219 W. 29th St., N. Y. C., PE 6-3055.

TALK ON CHINA: DR. CHI, May 12th, 8:00 P. M. Delphic Studios, 44 W. 56th St. Refreshments, dancing. Sub. 35c.

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